

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE AND ORSINI. By E. L. GODKIN, . . . . .	1
II. THE MESSENGER AT NIGHT. By R. H. STODDARD, . . . . .	9
III. GIPSYING OVER THE WORLD. By DR. J. O. NOYES, . . . . .	10
IV. THE YOUNG BACHELOR, . . . . .	23
V. NEWPORT OUT OF SEASON. By H. T. TUCKERMAN, . . . . .	24
VI. SONG OF THE ARCH-ANGELS, . . . . .	35
VII. LES BOHEMIENS. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, . . . . .	36
VIII. A BONKEYGRAPH; AN HISTORICO-POETICAL SKETCH, . . . . .	38
IX. Y <sup>e</sup> TAILOR-MAN: A CONTEMPLATIVE BALLAD. By JOHN G. SAXE, . . . . .	45
X. THE WEDDING-GARMENT. By ELLEN KEY BLUNT, . . . . .	46
XI. STANZAS: 'THE LILAC-TREE,' . . . . .	59
XII. THE LOST ARTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD: ILLUSTRATED. By A. WILDER, . . . . .	69
XIII. LINES TO JUNE. By T. B. ALDRICH, . . . . .	69
XIV. THE PORTRAIT. By GEORGE H. CLARK, . . . . .	70

### LITERARY NOTICES:

1. THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, . . . . .	71
2. OLD NEW-YORK. By DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS, . . . . .	74
3. MITCHELL'S ORATION BEFORE THE 'ALPHA DELTA PHI' SOCIETY, . . . . .	76
4. PROFESSOR GRAY'S TEXT-BOOKS IN BOTANY, . . . . .	77

### EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS, . . . . .	78
2. LATE WORDS TOUCHING THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, . . . . .	81
3. A SENSIBLE LETTER TO SENSIBLE LADIES, . . . . .	84
4. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, . . . . .	86
1. CONVERSATIONS ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, BY J. WHARTON GRIFFITH, ESQ.: 'THE MARRIED MAN'S EYE,' ETC. 2. TOUCHING SUICIDE OF AN UNKNOWN MAN AT NEWARK, NEW-JERSEY. 3. A POETICAL 'OFFER' TO THE 'GIRL THAT LIVES IN DREW.' 4. THE 'NORTH WOODS WALTON CLUB': CORRESPONDENCE: LETTER TO SECRETARY SCHOLEFIELD FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY, ESQ. 5. 'A COLLECTION OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS': OUR FIRST PUN WITH MR. SPARROWGRASS. 6. A 'PUNCH' AMONG US: MOVING IN NEW-YORK ON MAY-DAY. 7. A STORE ASHORE ON THE MISSISSIPPI: 'THE CAPTAIN: 'THE MAIL-ROBBER.' 8. AN ANTE-DATED BILL OF FARE AT A PROSPECTIVE METROPOLITAN RESTAURANT. 9. THE 'HIGH- FALUTIN' STYLE, WITH SPECIMENS BY 'OLLAPOD.' 10. THE SACK OF LUCK- NOW: ROYAL KITE-FLYING IN INDIA: THE LEVIATHAN KITE OF ROCK- LAND. 11. THE 'TWENTY MINUTES OF AN AMERICAN: ANECDOTE OF CHARLES MATHEWS. 12. LINES: 'THE GEOLOGIST TO HIS LOVE:' BY JOHN HONEY- WELL. 13. A NEW ANECDOTE OF 'MY UNCLE THE PARSON,' BY THE LATE JOHN WATERS. 14. A SCRIPTURAL 'DANIEL' 'COME TO JUDGMENT.' 15. WATER- MAN'S NEW MEASURER OF POWER AND DISTANCE UPON RAIL-ROADS. 16. A 'MA- TERIALIST,' AS EXHIBITED IN THE LECTURE OF BARON VON DULLBRAINZ. 17. BUN- KER-HILL, AND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. 18. REV. DR. CHAPIN ON INTEMPERANCE: 'THE 'LIBERTY' OF AN INEBRIATE. 19. A LOVER'S LINES TO A PADUCAH (KENTUCKY) DAMSEL. 20. ACCOMMODATING 'COMPROMISE' OF A BREACH-OF-PROMISE-OF-MARRIAGE CASE. 21. DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM ALEX- ANDER DUER. 22. THE 'SWILL-MILK' QUESTION: MILK-MAN'S MILK VS. COW'S MILK. 23. THE 'BREAKFAST-TABLE AUTOCRAT': WITH 'ILLUSTRATIONS.' 24. A CHILD-ANECDOTE FROM A HEARTY LOVER OF CHILDREN: 'POP GOES THE WEASEL.' 25. ADSCITITIOUS 'LINES TO THE DAISY.' 26. COZZENS' 'WINE-PRESS': 'THE TATTOOED 'TARRY SAILOR-MAN.' 27. A BEAUTIFUL FIGURATIVE EPITAPH ON AN ENGLISH WATCH-MAKER. 28. PLAIN VS. 'POMPIOUS' SPEAKING. 29. AN OLD AND RARE ILLUSTRATED WORK: THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.' 30. BANK AUTOGRAPHS FOR SALE: A 'COOL' CUSTOMER. 31. DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF THE LATE JOSEPH CURTIS. 32. SUFFERINGS OF A CALIFORNIA PASSENGER, 'OUT- WARD BOUND': TRICKS ON SHIPBOARD. 33. A FEW WORDS TO DESULTORY CORRESPONDENTS: DR. NOYES, OF THE KNICKERBOCKER. 34. A NOVEL 'SCRIP- TURAL' MOTTO FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANNER. 35. WING'S FARINA CRACK- ERS. 36. 'A NIGHT-SCENE:' BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 37. TO OUR FRIENDS, THE PUBLISHERS. 38. 'UNCLE DAD MORTON,' OF VERMONT, AND HIS PATENT HEN'S NEST. OUR 'PERSUADER' A DESIDERATUM. 39. HOWE'S 'ELLIP- TIC SPRING BED-BOTTOM.' 40. NEW PUBLICATIONS.	
5. RECORD OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, . . . . .	109
1. TWELFTH-NIGHT AT THE CENTURY CLUB. 2. THE DUTCH BATTLE OF THE BALTIC: BY J. WATIS DE PEYSTER, ESQ. 3. PECK'S HISTORY OF WY- OMING. 4. 'PEARLS OF THOUGHT:' BY F. SAUNDERS, ESQ. 5. TO CORRE- SPONDENTS: RETURNING COMMUNICATIONS.	

---

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1853, BY  
JOHN A. GRAY,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

---

---

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper,*  
16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

---

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

---

VOL. LII.

JULY, 1858.

No. 1.

---

## ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE AND ORSINI.

WE doubt if any event of the last forty years, excited so much surprise on the European continent, as the Anglo-French alliance during the Russian war, and not surprise only, but chagrin and indignation. All the traditions of European diplomacy had declared such a union impossible; and it was probably the very last contingency to enter into the calculations either of the *réactionnaires* or the radicals. The former had always looked upon England as their firmest barrier against the onslaughts of French democracy, not because the political tendencies of the two countries were widely different, but because the two nations hated each other with that intense hatred which nothing but 'an ancient grudge' can inspire. France had, they calculated, suffered too much ever to forget, and England had inflicted too much injury ever to hope to be forgiven. Their wars had not, like those of the continent, been wars of diplomatists and generals, in which the people looked on in fear or curiosity, while the legions of the Emperor or the Grand Monarch defiled past their doors, to suffer defeats which inspired the peasant with no regret, or win victories which brought him neither relief nor rejoicing. Anglo-French wars were often, it is true, undertaken for the attainment of objects not visible to the eye of the masses; but the people of the two countries entered upon them with a hearty personal animosity which never sought to disguise itself. Each was to the other what the Turks were to the Hungarians, the Tartars to the Russians, the Moors to the Spaniards, and we were going to say, the British to the Americans — that article of prime necessity without which national life seems to move sluggishly, and in hatred of which so much fervid and turbulent patriotism finds vent — 'a natural enemy.' From the birth of the two nations down to 1850, they had never united for a common object, or in obedience to a fellow-feeling, except in the Crusades, and no allusion to this famous religious experience was very likely in the middle of the nineteenth

century to cause Jacques Bonhomme to inclose the portly person of John Bull in a fraternal *accolade*. In the long interval which has since elapsed, how many 'wars of giants' have they waged, on how many bloody fields have they met, and how many hundreds of millions of treasure has each expended from his hard earnings, in the fell desire to harass, cripple, and destroy his rival? There was nothing in short, which, when Louis Napoleon ascended the throne, history did not make it seem safer to predict, than a union in arms, in a common cause, of the foes of Agincourt, and Fontenoy, and Waterloo.

The liberals of every shade, from the moderate conservatives of Berlin to the most sanguinary reds of Leicester Square, felt themselves equally justified in scouting the idea as an impossibility. England had for thirty years been known as the fast friend of parliamentary government, not only at home, but all over the world. She had conferred it on her colonies, exacted it from her *protégés*, and done all that bullying, and wheedling, and intriguing, and arguing could do, to persuade mankind that it was the one great political elixir, before whose potent influence all sores and ulcers disappeared from the body politic in the twinkling of an eye. She had never even been willing to admit that exceptions might exist to the propriety of its application, or that it did not retain its virtues in any climate. The language of the English press and of the English legislature, had led every body on the continent to believe that it was an axiom in English politics, that the monarch who refused to bestow it on his people, was a knave or a fool, and the people who did not demand it, and if need be, fight for it, were asses or slaves. From 1820 to 1848, there was hardly a speech delivered on questions of foreign politics in either House of Parliament, hardly a line written in the London editorial bureaux, in which this lesson was not inculcated. Was it from this quarter that a frank and friendly recognition was to be looked for of the most unscrupulous, most determined, and most faithless enemy which parliamentary government has ever encountered? And was Lord Palmerston, who was cradled in parliamentary traditions, who has grown gray in parliamentary strife, whose laurels have been won in its conflicts, and whose strongest claim to the admiration of his countrymen is his English readiness in debate, his English respect for majorities, his hearty English appreciation of the tonic efficacy of election tumult and uproar — not the last man whom the world would have expected to sacrifice his place in the cabinet to a desire to congratulate the conspirator of the Second of December upon having kicked parliament out of doors?

Moreover, there was nothing for which England took more credit to herself, than the respect of her people for the law, and nothing she professed to honor more in others. The duty of obeying it, till changed, was one of the earliest lessons in her political catechism. She had, in all periods of her history, been more than usually vehement in her denunciations of military violations of it above all. She had never lost an opportunity of placing on armed

interference with the ordinary course of justice, the stamp of public execration. Precautions against it have always been the first fruits of her revolutions, and all her great *acta publica* bristle with declarations of its enormity, and penalties on its perpetrators. And yet Louis Napoleon had been guilty of worse crimes against law, than those for which Charles lost his life, and James his crown. They suffered for violating liberties which had never been defined, and a constitution which they had never recognized. He abrogated a constitution he had sworn to maintain, and turned a court of justice into the street, which, in legal form and for proved guilt, had solemnly convicted him of treason. An alliance between France and England seemed under any circumstances improbable; but between England and the France of Napoleon the Third it seemed a monstrosity.

It was brought about by the operation of two influences: one was Louis Napoleon's exceeding suavity and deference, and the other the brilliant openings for English capital which his *regime* seemed to offer. He had resided long in England, had studied the country closely, and thoroughly appreciated both her strong and weak points. He recognized in her the only antagonist in Europe whom France, in the zenith of her military splendor, could neither intimidate nor subdue, and was fully aware that the man must have more than his uncle's genius and twice his uncle's resources, who should desire her enmity or despise her friendship. The Queen of England was the only member of the European family of monarchs who would heartily acknowledge that popular choice was as good a title to legitimacy as hereditary descent; and there was no monarch in the world whose recognition would do so much to supply the place of heraldry and history. To be sure it would have been greater and grander to have relied solely on his seven millions of votes, and claimed for his royalty a loftier and nobler confirmation than lapse of ages or sacramental chrism; but no one is always great any more than always wise. Every man has his weakness, and a desire to be admitted to the royal family on equal footing, and for this purpose 'to be well introduced,' seems to have been Louis Napoleon's. However it be, he never ceased, from the moment of his accession to the throne, to give the frankest and most unmistakable proofs of his desire to be on terms of cordial intimacy with his neighbor. The English government had the intrigues, the falsehood, the chicanery, and deceit of the Orleans dynasty still fresh in their memories; and the dangerous uncertainty and vacillation of the republic, was of still more recent date. To have to deal with a power which was not only all smiles, but whose smiles were real — which promised readily, and yet could keep its promises, was a bait too novel and too tempting to be rejected.

Enormous investments of English capital were made in French securities during the reign of Louis Philippe. There was hardly a public work of importance in the whole country which did not owe its existence in great part to those bugbears of all honest French-

men—'English guineas.' The resources still undeveloped, and which promised a handsome percentage for all outlay, were great, and combined with their near neighborhood to the head-quarters of British capital, and the consequent facilities for personal inquiry and supervision on the part of stockholders, they offered a tempting field to the energies of British capitalists. The storms of the revolutionary period which followed 1848 had inflicted serious injury on these gentlemen. The depreciation in value of every species of property, which was the natural consequence of the uncertainty of the political future, during the republican *regime*, had fallen no less heavily on them than on the natives, and they shared to the fullest extent the hostility with which the *bourgeoisie* regarded the new order of things, and were secretly fully as anxious for the establishment of 'a strong government.'

There was hardly one of their dreams which Louis Napoleon did not promise to fulfil. The policy he traced out at the very dawn of the empire was the one of all others to meet the wants of a timid trader: unbounded facilities for speculation, with absolute repression of all movements, political or other, which might exercise the slightest influence on stocks or other securities, and no less guarantee for the safety of property than five hundred thousand bayonets, of which he had already proved himself capable of making a remorseless and unscrupulous use. Nor did the new government confine itself to bare guarantee of the security of vested rights. It declared it to be a part of its mission to foster and stimulate enterprise, so as to place France in the front rank of the army of commerce, and for this purpose began to make a lavish use of all the resources, both material and moral, of the state. It is no part of our present purpose to chronicle the prodigious commercial activity which marked the first three or four years of the present Emperor's reign. A monster corporation was organized for absorbing all the savings of the community, and employing them, under the sanction and with the aid of the government, in every known species of speculation. Subventions were granted with reckless profusion to rail-road and steam-boat companies, and any other sort of company whose existence bore the faintest appearance of testimony to the general prosperity. 'Concessions' of rail-roads were showered upon the heads of eager capitalists, and among the most eager were the wealthiest and canniest men of 'the city.' The London *Times*, which for a month or two after the *coup d'état*, remained faithful in its allegiance to law and justice and humanity, and fired broadsides which startled the usurper on his throne, speedily gave way before the volleys of scrip, coupons, and bonds which it received in return, struck its colors and converted itself into his cordial friend and admirer. In the autumn of 1853, before the grass had grown on the bloody graves of those who fell two years before in uttering France's last protest against, not simply the destruction of her liberties, but against one of the worst outrages ever perpetrated upon the good faith of the world, there was not a man or journal of influence or position in the

whole British empire who dared to say that Louis Napoleon was not worthy, not merely of English civility, but of English sympathy and good wishes. Each month saw the adulation increase and the delusion deepen. When the Russian war broke out, the English army followed Marshal St. Arnaud to the field, rather as an auxiliary corps than as the representative of the victors of Vittoria and of Waterloo, and accepted the position of inferiority which was assigned it, at once, and without a word of complaint from the authorities at home. The two armies went into action at Alma with equal numbers; to the English was assigned the duty of the front attack, where most danger lay and most loss was to be endured; the French reserved to themselves the pleasanter task of surprising the enemy's flank by climbing precipitous heights unimpeded, and have ever since worn the laurels plucked on that bloody field. During the siege operations, the English were placed without remonstrance on the right wing, the point farthest from the sea, and most exposed to a flank attack from the enemy. We all know the results. We know that France came out of the war with fresh lustre and strengthened *prestige*, and the British with the bewildering sensation of having fought very hard and been kicked for their pains. The army went home intensely dissatisfied with the part they had been permitted to play in the conflict, and their feeling communicated itself to the whole country, and was aggravated by the tone of the French press in commenting upon the events of the war. The publication of the Baron de Bazancourt's volume; the omission of all mention of the English army at the banquet given to the Crimean heroes at Marseilles; and a variety of other minor incidents, small in themselves, but important in view of the actual temper of the public, gave the existing irritation on the part of the British a chronic character. Lord Palmerston, and the *Times*, and the capitalists, however, clung to the alliance, though the doubtful operations by which it was found necessary to sustain the national credit during the financial panic of last winter, somewhat damaged the commercial character of the empire. But a crisis of some sort was clearly at hand. The train was laid, and Orsini's attempt fired it, and blew Palmerston, the alliance, Count Persigny, and a great quantity of other valuables, into the air.

It is a great mistake to suppose that it was either the language of the army, or of Count de Persigny, *per se*, which created the recent extraordinary effervescence of anti-Gallic feeling in England. Provocations as great, and menaces much more insulting because more deliberate, have been offered before now, without giving rise to any thing more exciting than a diplomatic correspondence. In his ordinary moods, John Bull would have vented his ire upon the braggarts by a letter to the *Times*, and then let the matter slip from his memory. But the Crimean war had left its sting, and the very same causes which led the French colonels and the French ambassadors to forget themselves, roused the British public into frenzy. Bernard's trial was the last act in a drama, the first scene of which was laid on the banks of the Alma.



The Orsini conspiracy, or rather the effects it produced on the policy of the French Government, drove the English public into speaking out frankly what they had long secretly felt. The studied contempt with which Count de Persigny treated the humble congratulations of the London Corporation on his master's escape, and the savage menaces which, in defiance of all good discipline, the army was allowed to utter through the columns of the *Moniteur*, showed them what they refused to believe three years previously — that no amount of flattery, conciliation, or subserviency can establish between the two countries any thing more solid than an alliance of governments, and that a lasting union between two nations of such pretensions and such antecedents, and marked by such differences of character and institutions, can never be based on an assumption of their equality. Nor had the empire fulfilled any of the hopes it had excited at its inauguration. Seven years of experiment had resulted in a yearly deficit in the revenue, in a yearly increase in the civil list, in the continued denial of liberty of speech, in the destruction of the last shreds of freedom of election, in a police and passport system of greater stringency than ever. Nothing which was promised in 1852 was forthcoming. The Emperor informed the Chambers in that year, that liberty did not form the pedestal of the political column: it crowned it. The column has been going up rapidly ever since, and the materials have been all supplied from the great quarry of the *Idée Napoléoniennes*, but it has been so constructed, that any other capital than slavery would now constitute an architectural deformity. As a commercial speculation, the failure of the imperial *regime* has been equally signal. Business is at a stand-still throughout the country; the *Crédit Mobilier* maintains its footing only through government support; the Bank of France was saved from stoppage and the commercial panic averted, by the exertions of the police. 'A run' would have been deemed an expression of want of confidence in the Government, and punished as seditious. Better be bankrupt, and say nothing about it, than try to pay your way and go to jail. Stocks of all kinds have sunk so low, and return so little, under the influence of the general feeling of insecurity and uncertainty, that most Englishmen are satisfied, that as far as trade is concerned, the boisterous weather of republicanism is preferable to the horrible calms which precede the hurricanes of despotism. The admiration of the world has been often challenged for the broad democratic platform on which his majesty's throne rests. Few men have put on the crown and the assumed golden bees, at the bidding of seven millions of free citizens. The first of Orsini's bombs dispelled the delusion. He who reigned by the national will, was forced, because two foreigners attempted his life, to apportion France into military districts, and garrison each by a *corps d'armée* on war footing, under the command of a marshal, and place the civil government of Paris in the hands of an African *sabreur*. Orsini certainly failed to kill the Emperor, but he slew the empire,



in destroying the faith of England and of the world, in its moral strength.

With this dissipation of political delusions, has passed away that obliquity of vision on the part of the public, both in France and England, which enabled the usurper to hide unscrupulousness and perjury, by the exhibition of courage and success. The reflections which Orsini's death inspired, must, we feel certain, have had a large share in opening the ears of the world to the accents of justice and truth. The contrast between the career of him who died on the scaffold, and that of his accuser who sat on the throne, was in itself a great moral lesson. Both began life in much the same position; both entered on the world with the unconquerable determination to carry out the object nearest their hearts; both passed their prime either in prison or in exile; both were adventurers, and both conspirators; both, ten years ago, would have been spoken of by European governments as vagabonds, of equal pretensions to the pillory or the whipping-post. Each pursued his ends with singleness of purpose to the last; one has died on the scaffold, and the other signed the warrant for his execution. And yet there is no one who sits down calmly, and applies to their history the immutable standard of truth and right, without feeling that if one be a villain and the other a hero, the prize was due to Orsini, and the judgment should be passed on Napoleon. Orsini sacrificed himself, family and friends, home and happiness, to the furtherance of an idea which may be called visionary, but which no man can condemn. The Italian who lives for the liberation of Italy, and ends by dying for it, may possibly be a fool, but his folly is of that extreme sort, that it needs but a tinge of success to change it into the highest sort of wisdom. The leading feature in Orsini's career was self-abnegation. His own comfort, convenience, or safety were the last elements which ever entered into his calculations. There is not an American or an Englishman in existence, whose proudest boast and glory it would not be to have had a father, or grand-father, or ancestor ever so remote, who had done and dared, for America or England, all that this forlorn, persecuted 'Carbonaro' dared and did for Italy, up to the attempt on Napoleon. The Emperor has displayed equal determination, equal endurance, equal enthusiasm, but neither love for his own country nor the human race in general nerved his arm nor steeled his courage. His object, from first to last, has been avowedly his own elevation to the throne, and the enjoyment of the salary appertaining to that position; and he has never been guilty of the petty meanness of pretending that he had any other aim in view. He did not even put forward the claim of hereditary right, to justify the preliminary perjury and massacre of the Second of December, as in that case it would have been unnecessary to appeal to the people for election, and the *coup d'état* would have been but a legitimate re-seizure of stolen goods. He conspired, he fought, he broke his oath, because he desired to be Emperor; and he killed

Orsini, because he wishes to remain Emperor. Orsini conspired, and fought, and sought to assassinate, that twenty millions might be free. The last act in his sad story was the only blemish upon a life of singular loyalty to honest convictions; but if the *coup d'état*, the breach of the presidential oath, and the bloodshed which followed it, be justifiable in consideration of the end they had in view, so also was the attempt of the twenty-first of January; for, *per se*, both acts were equally heinous. Any argument which exculpates Louis Napoleon, excuses Orsini. Their cases, then, differ only in the aims of the men, and the result of their endeavors; and the issue once narrowed down to these two points, and the parties brought face to face, the one in the position of judge, and the other of executioner, every good instinct of the human heart rises in execration at the spectacle. Both are scoundrels, if you will; both may come in the jurist's classification, under the category of *hostes humani generis*; but any alliance, or other political arrangement which rests on the assumption, that the one of two such men deserves the hand of sympathy and friendship, while the other has met his deserts on the block, is such a crazy fabric, that it needs only to be examined to be overturned.

The result of this latest attempt to maintain a hearty and active friendship between two countries, whose domestic policy and institutions are so totally opposed as those of England and France, has a warning in it, which it is to be hoped will not be forgotten. How vain it is for England to hope to escape serious misconception, as to the operation of the simplest portion of her political machinery, has been evidenced by the way in which the result of Bernard's trial has been received in France; and the vote of the House of Commons on the Conspiracy Bill, proves the serious inconveniences of being on such terms with any despotic power, as to render the introduction of such a measure, at its request, at all obligatory. The fact is, that a general alliance or agreement to adhere to any other state through thick and thin, or intercourse so intimate as to involve such an alliance as an almost unavoidable consequence, is something which every free country should avoid. All governments have a right to expect civility, and such good offices as humanity or politeness dictate, or the interests of science or commerce may require at the hands of their neighbors; but nothing more. More than this entails a tacit approval by one of a thousand things in the domestic policy of the other, which at home would be condemned as wicked and indefensible, and it entails deviations from its own foreign policy, which nothing but the interests of its people or those of pure justice, can warrant.

A free people cannot enter into a hearty alliance with a despot, without effecting some sort of compromise between his principles and theirs, and all such compromises are immoral. England would certainly before now have satisfied public justice, by dealing out retribution on Naples, if she had not been compelled to respect in the person of King Bomba the principle which sits enthroned

in France, in the person of Louis Napoleon; and the stand she is now taking on the slave-trade, is terribly damaged by the concessions which the alliance has compelled her to make to the French 'free emigration' scheme. The yoke between her and the Emperor was one of the most unequal the world ever saw; and there is no friend of free institutions who must not rejoice in its severance. The sturdy oak of English freedom can never be other than hampered by the intrusion of a pretentious French poplar into its branches. It stands best alone. Whatever the spread of English laws, and ideas, and influence can do to make mankind freer and wiser and happier, can be done most effectually, when it has not to accommodate itself to dynastic prejudices or necessities; and if Louis Napoleon's policy be for the good and glory of France, it is but fair that he should win his guerdon or meet his doom, single-handed, and on his own merits.

---

THE MESSENGER AT NIGHT.

---

BY R. H. STODDARD.

---

A FACE at the window,  
A tap on the pane:  
Who is it that wants me,  
To-night in the rain?

I have lighted my chamber,  
And brought out my wine,  
For a score of good fellows  
Were coming to dine.

The dastards have failed me,  
And sent in the rain  
The man at the window,  
To tap on the pane!

I hear the rain patter,  
I hear the wind blow:  
I hate the wild weather,  
And yet I must go!

I could moan like the wind now,  
And weep like the rain,  
But the thing at the window  
Is tapping again!

It beckons, I follow:  
Good-by to the light!  
I am going, oh! whither?  
Out into the night!

## GIPSYING OVER THE WORLD.\*

## SECOND PAPER.

'I SEE a volume of slow-rising smoke  
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.  
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle,  
Slung between two poles, upon a stick transverse,  
Receives the morsel. . . .

Hard-faring race,  
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves and wood, just saves  
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin —  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.'

FROM this rural English scene, so well described by Cowper, let the reader transport himself in imagination to the balmy air and sunny sky of Andalusia, to a court in the luxurious capital of that ancient province. The water leaps laughingly from a Moorish fountain, and falls back in graceful jets to kiss the snow-white marble. The warbling of birds, the aroma of the ázahar, and the breath of innumerable flowers, too delicate and beautiful for western lands, suggest the great-eyed Orient. The silvery laugh of Andalusian maidens rings upon the air, as, seated in the shade of the orange-trees, they now touch the guitar, and now, for a time, intertwine with needles the silk and gold on their tambours.

The bell rings, and to the soft *Quien es?* enters the Gitana—the Gypsy fortune-teller—who, with her wild looks and haggard features, resembles a Harpy suddenly descended among the Graces. Her accents are of hate, rather than of love. While murmuring curses to herself she invokes the blessings of the stars upon those not of her blood. Her movements and gestures are impassioned. Fire seems to gleam from the liquid eyes of the strange apparition, whose very presence is fascination—for it is the belief of all the maidens of Seville, that the dusky Sibyl possesses the mysteries of futurity, and can unlock them to whom she will. *Ave Maria purissima!* escapes their lips but once, and a silver coin is given to the strange being, wherewith to make the sign of the cross; for without this there could be no *buena ventura*.

Then, skilled in all the arts of chiromancy, she carefully traces the lines upon those delicate hands, and dispenses—to this one, wealth; to that one, pearls; to another, what is better than wealth or pearls, the affection of some gallant hidalgo—thus realizing to them all, the rosy visions that float around the sleep of maidens of eighteen.

\* THE GIPSIES. Their Origin, History, and Manner of Life. By the author of 'Roumania.' (In press.) RUDD AND CARLETON, 810 Broadway, New-York.

The scene changes to the banks of the Danube, where of an evening, in the shadow of the great hill of Buda, hundreds of the Magyar chivalry assemble with the noble dames of that heroic race to listen to the impassioned strains of a band of roving Gipsies — to a dusky group washing with Colchian fleeces, as of old, the sands of the Carpathian Arangosh, richer in golden spangles than Pactolus — to a circle of Roumanian youths and maidens undulating in the graceful *hora* to the music of Gipsy *lautari*, to a silent and breathless throng seated around a serpent-charmer of Egypt.

As the sun sinks behind the hills of Judea, the traveller on the plain bivouacs for the night. And there is no more beautiful sight than when seated before his tent he watches the fires kindled on the mountains of Moab, rising beyond the Jordan like a wall against the eastern sky. In the cool of the purple evening the Bedouins of the neighboring encampment assemble, but not to listen to the wild fables of the desert, or to the poems of Antar, recited by one of the eloquent lip and the restless eye. The Gipsies, called *Chamari* by the Arabs, have chanced hither in their wanderings from village and camp to camp; and under the silent stars they draw out the long hours of the night in that wild and weird minstrelsy which alike delights the children of Roma and of Ishmael.

Again the scene changes — to distant India — to bands of dark-eyed nomads roving on the banks of her mysterious rivers, or in the land where oriental poverty is married with oriental magnificence, to a Rajah's court, before which Gipsy maidens are floating in the soft movements of the eastern dance.

Who these Gipsies are, scattered more widely over the world than the leaves by the winds of autumn, we attempted to show in the last number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We have thought that the readers of our Magazine may be interested in some of the customs and peculiarities of this strange people — the remnant perhaps of some ancient race, left to perish on the shore, while the great tide of barbaric life has ebbed; a people of primitive virtues, unchanged it may be where all else has changed; with whom nothing is rare, neither the beauty of Astyanax, the charms of Zenobia, the manly air of Hector, the talent of Bailot, the voice of Malibran, the gravity of Priam, nor the sorrow of Cassandra.

After the birth of a Gipsy child, almost the first thing to be thought of, in Mohammedan countries, is its circumcision, in Christian countries, its christening. Their haste in this respect does not result, however, from exceeding piety on the part of the Gipsy parents, or so much from a desire for the spiritual welfare of their offspring, as for the spiritual edification to themselves consequent upon a liberal supply of drink. The Moslem's paradise and the Christian's heaven are myths never to be thought of in comparison with the Gipsy's earth, to which he clings with a tenacity unknown to any other race.

It is a peculiarity of the Gipsies that they manage to draw

profit from many things that with other people are purely matters of pleasure or duty. So true is this of christening, that they seem to put themselves to the trouble of bringing children into the world merely for the sake of the presents received on that occasion. If convenient, the ceremony is performed at church, though a tavern would suit quite as well. Christian sponsors are preferred, for the reason that they are usually able to make larger presents. Should the gifts of the god-father and god-mother prove too small, or of the wrong kind, in the estimation of the recipients, they are at once discharged from the trust, and another christening celebrated. This may be repeated any number of times, as often, in fact, as circumstances will admit; or, as the Gipsy parents wander from place to place, they present their child for baptism in every new neighborhood. Instances have occurred of youths eighteen or twenty years of age being brought forward for christening who had doubtless undergone that ceremony every previous year of their lives, if not oftener. To check this abuse, the Governor of Transylvania once ordered that Gipsy children should be baptized only within twenty hours after their birth.

For the first two or three months the Gipsy child is carried in the arms of its mother. She is then bolder and more rapacious than at other times, dexterously employing her tender bantling to excite compassion or avert chastisement. When blows are threatened, she does not hesitate to use the innocent infant as a shield; and a Gipsy child is fortunate if it reaches maturity without having a limb broken in the domestic quarrels when, in an outburst of rage, and for want of another weapon, the parent is apt to seize upon it as an instrument of aggression. This, however, is to be regarded as the happiest period of Gipsy life.

The child is transferred from the arms to the back of the mother, where it remains much of the time until it is able to go alone or is supplanted by a successor. Never enjoying the luxury of a cradle, or of a soft couch, there it clings, in summer or in winter, in sunshine or in storm, its head projecting from a filthy rag over the dam's shoulder, and its sly but innocent little face contrasting strangely with her haggard countenance. We have often seen Gipsy mothers wandering from place to place, an infant in one arm, another upon the back, and a third led by the hand, with the older brood running alongside, furnishing altogether a group worthy of Collot's pencil. After the shivering ordeal of early childhood, the few rags of clothing are thrown aside in summer, or, falling from the body of their own accord, are not replaced by others. Henceforth, until eight or nine years of age, girls and boys are dressed in the same style—both being entirely naked. Gipsy children are not weaned, in most cases, before they are four or five years old. In this respect they even surpass those of the Serbian mountaineers, who openly discuss the quality of their beverage, and not unfrequently throw aside the pipe to betake themselves to the maternal breast. One will occasionally see four



or five Gipsy children fighting for the privilege of extracting the nourishment that would scarcely suffice for a single infant.

The Gipsies have an unbounded love of offspring, an affection exhibiting all the force of brute instinct. Save when the parent is enraged, the child is never corrected or made to feel the weight of the rod. It grows up consequently violent, passionate, and ungrateful for the little kindnesses bestowed by the father and mother. With the Gipsies, however, parental affection never manifests itself in the proper education and direction of the youthful mind. Not a word is ever spoken of religion or morality. The name of God is never mentioned but in curses. The ear is from the first accustomed to obscene language, and the eye to obscene sights. The child is taught to love Gipsies only, to hate all not of the Calee blood. There is scarcely a thought of education except in the vices peculiar to a people whose virtues are chiefly of the negative kind. The object of the little instruction imparted is not to benefit the child, but to render it serviceable to the parents; for the reader will have observed that, with the Gipsies, children are a kind of institution, from which they contrive to profit in many ways. It does not require much training to initiate the youth into the mysteries of tinkering, gold-washing, donkey-shearing, serpent-charming, and the various Gipsy avocations, which cannot here be mentioned in detail. It is, however, the ambition, and the greatest pride of the parent, to make his child a dexterous thief, that being a source of immediate gain and a kind of royal road to honor. And the zeal with which he trains his offspring in the art of thieving, is surpassed only by that employed in perfecting him in the art of lying, the latter being requisite to conceal the former. It may also appear strange that the Gipsy, unacquainted with an alphabet, or the simplest rudiments of knowledge, should be taught to read the mysteries of the future in the lines of the hand, and interpret the hidden meaning of the stars; and stranger still, that these unfortunate creatures, for whose condition poverty and misery are inexpressive words, should instruct their children in promising unbounded fortunes to others, even when unable to provide for their own daily wants.

Gipsy children when young are by no means comely, but under the most unfavorable influence grow up into beautiful youth. We have observed frequently among barbarous and semi-barbarous people, that the infants are positively ugly if not deformed, and are unable wholly to account for the improvement that afterward takes place. Beautiful infants are a product of civilization. This change in the appearance of Gipsy children is not to be attributed to the attentions of the mother. She never does more than besmear her offspring with a particular kind of ointment, and then lay them in the sunshine, or before a fire, in order that their skins may have a black, glossy hue. Exposed to the blistering rays of the sun in summer, and the sooty smoke of wretched huts in the winter, it is a wonder that the children of the Gipsies ever exhibit any traces of beauty. The perennial filth in which they



live is still more unfavorable to the development of physical charms, or at least obscures them when actually existing.

The boast of the Gipsies that they sprang from the earth, is verified by the quantity of dirt adhering to their persons. However useful water may be for purposes of navigation, they appear to have sworn eternal hostility against it, both as a purifying agent and a beverage. Were it not for the involuntary washing of an occasional shower, a person might with tolerable accuracy estimate the age of a Gipsy from the different strata of filth collected upon his body, as we tell the age of trees by counting the rings of annual growth from the centre of the trunk. It were better for us, however, not to reveal the whole truth of this matter.

These princes of the 'ragged regiment' are equally negligent with their garments. The different tribes of Suders who inhabit the mountains of the Carnatic, and are in so many respects allied to the Gipsies as evidently to belong to the race, are said to have a singular domestic regulation that obliges persons of both sexes to pass their lives in disgusting uncleanness. The common Gipsy usage regarding dress is reduced to a law forbidding any person to wash his garments or to lay them aside until they fall from the body of their own accord. This regulation is so scrupulously observed, that if one of their number dips his rags in the water, he is forthwith expelled from the tribe and sent away in disgrace. It should be stated, however, that water is not very abundant in the region of the Carnatic.

The features of the Gipsies are not to be mistaken. They are of medium height, robust and nervous. Never among the ebony slaves from Abyssinia exposed for sale in the markets of Egypt, or among the pale merchandise of the East which in early life had breathed the mountain air of the Caucasus, have we seen forms so perfectly rounded and developed — forms that would so delight a sculptor as models. Sometimes when seen in repose, the youth of the Zend-cali might almost be mistaken for statues of bronze. The face is oval, the complexion a dark, rich olive, and the teeth are of ivory whiteness. The females, if not combining all the splendid outlines and delicious tints of Eastern beauty, are not wanting in the browned ruddy cheeks and swelling bosoms so associated with Gipsy charms. The eye, however, is the marked feature of the race, and would distinguish the Gipsy in whatever place, costume or character she might appear. It is not the small, luxurious eye of the Jewess, the oblong eye indispensable to the Chinese beauty, nor the soft, almond eye of the Egyptian, but something unique and peculiar. It is vivid, lustrous, or liquid, according to the thought which seeks for utterance. Now it has a wild and staring expression, and then, in moments of repose, a filmy and phosphorescent softness will gather over it, through which one looks as into the depths of the soul.

Beauty, however, is a delicate gift — a child of care and attention which, if not to be bathed constantly in May-dew, and fed on honeysuckle, cannot on the contrary be long exposed with impu-

nity to the rough manner of life — *sans feu et lieu* — of the Gipsies. We once saw a Circassian girl sold in Constantinople whose appearance by no means corresponded with the idea we had formed of her countrywomen. Upon inquiry, we were informed that female slaves, when first brought from the Caucasus, are for the most part rough, ungainly creatures. But after they have been trained for a time in the harems of the Turkish grandees, and used the bath, the veil, and the thousand-and-one agents employed in the East, they become really beautiful. Their daughters are to be numbered among the handsomest women in the world — so much is beauty dependent upon favorable circumstances.

Gipsy charms are therefore short-lived: and as it takes an angel to make a demon, the pretty girl of Roma soon becomes the incarnation of ugliness. The change is as great as if one of the Graces were metamorphosed into a daughter of Acheron. Her smile grows hard and disagreeable; her forehead is early seamed with wrinkles; her wind-beaten and sun-burned cheeks, scarred by exposure and furrowed by passion, are the cheeks of a living mummy. The body bent, the expression cracked, the voice broken — sex itself becomes obliterated; and the Gipsy hag might well imitate old Madame de Hondatot, who candidly admitted — '*Autrefois, quand j'étais femme.*' Manhood also assumes a sinister and ferocious aspect. The hair which in youth served as an ornament, grows stiff and harsh like that of a horse's tail, and being rarely cut or kemped, is usually the home of undisturbed innocence.

The face of the untamed Gipsy becomes blacker and blacker with age, making the redness of the lips more observable, and rendering hideous the hazy glare of the deep rolling eye. One never sees in the aged faces of the Zend-cali that tender, mellow, childlike expression which we often observe in good old people. On the contrary, vice, malice, revenge, and deceit become more outspoken. Age and the loss of teeth only whet their appetites for evil. Their withered limbs seem never to lose their strength, the evil eye never grows old. As the French become better cooks in proportion to their age and ugliness, so crooked Gipsy crones make the best fortune-tellers.

Water is the usual beverage of the Gipsies. They have, however, an inordinate love of brandy, which is preferred to all other intoxicating drinks, from the fact that it induces intoxication more speedily. Beer is not sufficiently stimulating; beside, it is the favorite drink of the lower class. The important events of life are made the occasion of boisterous revels; and in case liquor can be obtained, the mirth and glee which attend the Gipsy's birth and marriage are surpassed only by the drunken orgies that mark his passage to another world.

Among the Bazeegurs, a Gipsy tribe of India, disputes are never referred beyond their seat. If the matter be of so serious a nature that a small *punchad'et* (council) cannot settle it, the Bula Suder convenes a general assembly. This tribunal, however, never enters upon business until a quantity of liquor equal to the import-

ance of the case has been provided by both plaintiff and defendant. The loser has ultimately to bear the expense unless, as frequently happens, (all parties during the discussion being indulged in a free participation of the liquor,) judges and contestants forget all about the affair under consideration. The letter of the law is in this way accommodated to the spirit. The *puncha'et* disperses by degrees, and the contending parties, when aroused from the torpor of intoxication, awake only to regret their folly. Christians do not more effectually ruin themselves in their law-suits.

This Gipsy tribunal rarely returns a verdict of 'Not guilty,' but fortunately for the convict any crime may be expiated by a plentiful supply of liquor, the fine being proportionate to the thirst of the court. The alternative is to have the nose rubbed on the ground. When the case is too complicated for the intelligence of the assembly, the accused is made to apply his tongue to a piece of hot iron, and if burned, is pronounced guilty. Persons who have acquired any property are in constant danger of accusation, and if the liquor be not forthwith coming, the delinquent is hooted from the tribe, so that he is ultimately willing to impoverish himself in order to obtain the necessary libation.

It may be truly said of the Gipsies of India, that they imbibe alcohol with the maternal milk. Toddy, the fermented juice of the palm, is regularly given to infants of five and six months when it can be obtained. As in other countries, the Gipsies never work while they have any thing to drink, so that their wretched life constantly alternates from intoxication to labor of some kind, and from labor to intoxication. Nor do the women allow themselves to be outdone by the men in the habit of intemperance. The use of intoxicating drinks is condemned by all the high castes of India.

The dress of the Gipsies is in keeping with their nomadic tendencies. They find it agreeable to beg or steal garments, and therefore ordinarily procure their clothing ready-made, so as not to be molested by tailors' bills. The only attempt at tailoring I ever saw among them, was to make a hole in the middle of a blanket large enough for the head, and a couple of smaller ones for the arms. The wind cannot blow off his hat who has none, and shoes are troublesome appliances with people whose manner of life and general economy are those of vagrants and beggars.

Pride is as common in the cabins of the lowly as in the palaces of kings. The Gipsy exhibits this weakness even in the selection and display of his rags. 'Better starve than work,' is his motto, and he would consider it highly degrading to put on the ordinary dress of a laboring man.

Gipsy women neither spin nor weave, neither sew nor work, and yet it cannot be said of them that they are clothed like unto the lilies of the field. They are usually more picturesque in the matter of dress than the males. We have known many instances in which the entire female dress consisted of a large piece of cloth thrown over the head and wound round the body in Eastern style, and revealing here and there the tawny, sun-browned integument

beneath. Gipsy women have also a dash of Bloomerism, for in case their own wretched garments give out, they do not hesitate to draw on those of their male companions, should these be so fortunate as to have any *unmentionable* articles of dress to spare.

Upon the coast of Malabar there is a caste of Indians named *Malai-Condairous* who live in the forests and are principally occupied in extracting, and preparing for use, the juice of the palm. Though their manner of life is barbarous, there are too many points of resemblance between them and the Gipsies not to believe that they had a kindred origin. The individuals of this caste go naked, the women wearing merely a shred of cloth that imperfectly conceals the part it is intended to cover. It is related by the Abbé Dubois that when the last Sultan of Mysore made an expedition among the mountains of Malabar, having met a band of these savages, he was shocked at the state of nudity in which they lived. However depraved the Mussulmans in their private life, they are unequalled in the exhibition of decency and modesty in public; and are greatly scandalized by the want of either, especially on the part of females. The Sultan having caused the chiefs of the *Malai-Condairous* to be brought in his presence, asked them why they and their wives did not cover their bodies more decently? The chiefs gave as a reason the poverty of their people and the force of custom. Tippoo replied that he should henceforth require them to wear clothes like the rest of his subjects, and if they had not the necessary means, would himself gratuitously furnish every year the cloth requisite for that purpose. The savages, thus pressed by their sovereign, humbly remonstrated, and begged that he would not subject them to the embarrassment of wearing clothes. Finally they declared that if, in opposition to the rules of their caste, he should insist upon his demand, sooner than submit to so great a vexation, they would all leave the country and seek a refuge where, unmolested, they could follow the customs of their forefathers in dress and manner of life. Tippoo was obliged to yield.

Among the Turks, the so-called Mohammedan Gipsies have the privilege of wearing a white turban. In Russia, the Tsigans have large caps covered with ribbons, and, as in many other Eastern countries, exhibit, when able, strings of silver, or even of gold coin upon the head and neck. Green and scarlet are every where favorite colors with the Zend-cali. Though so wretched generally as to have nothing but unseemly rags to cover their bodies, they are not indifferent to dress. To attract attention, not to conceal their nakedness, is the chief object. Kelpius says that the Gipsies of Transylvania spend all their earnings for drink and clothing. In winter, the Wallachian Gipsies either wear coarse woollen stockings, knit by females upon huge wooden needles, or sew up their feet in bundles of rags, which are not taken off until spring arrives or the material perishes.

‘It would appear,’ says Cervantes, in his *Gitanella*, a work more highly esteemed in Spain than even the adventures of Don Quixote, ‘as though Gipsies, both men and women, came into the world for

no other end or purpose than to be thieves: they grow up among thieves, the art of thieving is their study, and they finish with being thieves, rogues, and robbers in every sense of the word; and the love and practice of theft, are, in their case, a sort of inseparable accident, ceasing only with death.' The Gipsies account for this remarkable proclivity in the following manner. The impression prevails throughout Eastern Europe, that it was the children of Roma who crucified our SAVIOUR on Calvary, but they say that only one of their number assisted on that sorrowful occasion. Four nails were brought for use. The Gipsy thinking that three were enough, stole the remaining one; and ever since, his people have been notorious thieves. Music, with all its refining influences, has not cured them of this predilection.

With the Gipsies, stealing is a legitimate profession, the very corner-stone, one might say, of their body politic. Writers upon moral philosophy contend that labor and virtue are indispensable elements of perpetuity in the existence of a state; but here we have a distinct people, who have existed many centuries, more by theft than by properly directed industry, and have every where been looked upon as the parasites of society.

The only disgrace the Gipsies attach to theft, consists in practising it too near home, and in being detected; and the youth of Sparta were not more adroit in the execution, or more self-sacrificing in the concealment of the act. The most successful thief in a band of Gipsies, usually attains the honor of being its chief, and skill in this profession is ranked as the highest accomplishment that a maiden of the tawny race can possess, proficiency therein rendering her valuable to her parents, and especially desirable as a bride.

It is not surprising, therefore, that among the Gipsies theft should be a matter of study and education. Long before the child of Roma is taught to read the mystical lines of the hand, or interpret the hidden meaning of the stars, it is carefully instructed in this most reliable and lucrative of Gipsy arts. Wrinkled men and women, whose chins and knees are brought near together by age, are the teachers, and the pupils have the benefit of both precept and example.

In the unwritten grammar of the Gipsies, the verb is a word which signifies *to dance, to smoke, to be idle*. Instead of beginning with the moods and tenses of *to love*, they are first taught to conjugate and decline *nicabar*, to steal; and at an astonishingly early age, become familiar with it in all its numbers and persons. Their knowledge has also the advantage of being practical, and shared by every member of the tribe.

While the women are abroad telling fortunes, and the able-bodied men engaged in predatory or trafficking excursions, the children at their temporary home are initiated into the mysteries of the thieving art. In countries where the Gipsies abound, we have seen many a tableau of this kind worthy of the painter's skill. The still, hazy air of mid-day, two or three ragged tents pitched on the outskirts

of a forest, a few rude articles of furniture scattered about, a patient donkey dozing in the shade, a thread of smoke curling up among the tree-tops from the common fire where they cook the evening meal — who could mistake the Gipsy camp?

An officer in the Austrian army relates a characteristic incident which occurred in a Hungarian village not far from Pesth. At the house of a Jew he found a Gipsy, who had been compelled to serve in his own regiment, trying to sell a horse which he was holding by the bridle. He and the Jew disputed some time about the price, but the latter agreed to throw in a roasted goose, which he said was hanging in the chimney of the adjoining room. The Gipsy expressed his satisfaction; but the Jew could not find the goose, and, becoming angry, charged his wife with having eaten it. Finally it was discovered that the Gipsy had stolen the fowl, and was holding it behind his back. The horse he was attempting to dispose of belonged to the regiment.

A Gipsy was one day brought to trial at a place near Raab. The judge, an aged and good-natured man, said reproachfully to the delinquent: 'I have no compassion for you: I could perhaps have let you off, if in the hard, cold winter you had stolen these boots from the peasant; but now, in burning-hot summer, when every one can go barefoot, it is certainly an unpardonable theft.'

'Yes, golden, gracious master,' replied the Gipsy naively, 'but in winter no one could steal boots, for every peasant then has them on his feet. It is necessary to provide in summer, when people leave their boots standing at home.'

On a very stormy day, a gentleman saw a Gipsy in his garden stealing carrots. Opening the window suddenly, he called out to the thief: 'Hallo, rogue! what are you doing there?'

'O God!' exclaimed the Gipsy, seizing hold of the top of a large carrot fast in the earth, 'I am holding myself; for the wind is so strong that it raises me from the ground.'

While it has been believed by many that the Gipsies have an extended political organization, nay, that there is a King of the Gipsies, whose dominions are wider than those of spiritual Rome; others have conjectured that they cherish a secret faith of their own. What then is the religion of the Gipsies?

It has frequently been observed, that Gipsy smiths, when they build their fires, pronounce certain mysterious words, and perform a short but mystical ceremony. Mr. Brown, of Constantinople, once related to us a circumstance which occurred while he was making a journey with a Mussulman and a Gipsy. It was during the Ramazan — the Moslem Lent — when the faithful are not permitted to taste of food from the rising to the setting of the sun. The Gipsy rose before the break of day, to prepare the morning meal; and while kindling the fire, was observed to go through a performance evidently intended as a kind of worship. Mr. Vailant, who has spent many years among the Wallachians, confirms the remarkable fact, that the secret faith long attributed to the Gipsies, is a species of Fire-worship.



From all we have been able to learn from the Gipsies themselves, in many countries, and from others concerning them, especially the observant Vaillant, *Tota* is their god, and the sun his image. Children of the earth, the sky is to them only the head (*s'ero*) of *Tota*; the sun is his heart, his eye, and his soul; he embraces all things with his love; the stars are spangles of fire shot from his eyes. If the zephyr breathes, it is *Tota* refreshing the earth with his divine breath; if the thunder reverberates among the clouds, it is *Tota* who has taken cold and coughs. Who or what then is their divinity? *Tota* is neither the heavens nor the earth, neither the stars nor any thing that can be seen, touched, or felt. He is a flame, a heat, an invisible fire that communicates itself to every thing, which renders the earth fruitful, glimmers in the stars, burns in the sun, illuminates the heavens, glows in the lightnings, and vivifies the spirit. The sun is his image, and it is in the sun that the Gipsies adore him. It is for him that they are born, that they live and die. The soul, the breath, the spirit, all belong to *Tota* as the body belongs to the earth. The Gipsy laborer is from predilection a smith; and it is in exciting fire, in beating iron and copper, that he returns naturally to his ancient faith, and teaches to his offspring the probable existence of a Supreme Being, of a divine breath that gives to fire heat, force, and life.

*Tota*, or *Devel* as he is more frequently called, is recognized by the Gipsies as the principle of good or of light, and *Bengel*, the principle of evil or of darkness—not unlike the Ormuzd and Ariman of the Persians. By a singular application of language, however, they have given the name of Satan to God, and in like manner converted the first of martyrs (*Tomas* signifying a thief) into a pick-pocket. The Gipsies believe in the eternity of matter, as also of the spirit; yet their great fear is, that *Bengel* may annihilate one or the other, if not both. They are therefore only solicitous of conciliating this dread Nemesis that impends over them in this world, and over-shadows even that which is to come. It seems useless to bestow a thought upon the benignant deity who never does them harm.

The Gipsies do not apparently believe in a resurrection in the next world, averring that we are miserable enough in this, yet do not imagine death to be an absolute destruction. They suppose that the body will again enrich the earth, and the spirit vivify the air. The Gipsies have also an idea of the transmigration of souls. How far the untutored children of Roma ever comprehended the refined doctrines of the metempsychosis is unknown, but there is something in the wild dream of soul-wandering through millions of ages, in harmony with the wandering propensities of the Gipsies.

One would have hardly expected to find the despised Gipsies still retaining the most ancient religion of India, practising even in our midst those mysterious rites which unite them with the most distant lands, and the most remote ages. *Deva Tota*, Fire of Fire, the original creative cause, appears to have been the primitive god of India; and before this divinity was supplanted by Buddha, Fire-worship was, in a great degree, the religion of the country. Tamerlane, be-



lieving it to be his mission to rid the earth of idolaters, caused the Indian fire-worshippers to be thrown into the flames they adored. At the Hindoo marriages, the officiating Brahmin still worships the sun in the name of the bridegroom and the bride; and when the women of India bathe in the sacred Ganges, they bow in devotion toward the same bright luminary.

The Parsee Fire-worshippers are to be found in many parts of the east, especially in India and Persia, but the central point of this religion is upon the peninsula of Apscherson in the Caspian Sea. A few miles from Baka four immense columns of flame unceasingly blaze up from the earth, with many smaller flames in the vicinity. By night they produce a magnificent effect, seeming, near at hand, a sea of fire, and, in the distance, serving as a beacon to vessels tossed upon the Caspian. With these flames, which feed upon enormous volumes of gas constantly escaping from fissures in the rocks, ascend the prayers of the Fire-worshippers, a considerable number of whom spend their time there in voluntary penance and mortification, a miserable remnant of the ancient sect of Zoroaster, whose elevated teachings were, in the course of time, degraded into unmeaning ceremonies. The emaciated, half-naked forms of the devotees flit like uneasy ghosts among the pillars of flame.

Traces of Fire-worship were to be found in the religious systems of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. Temples were dedicated to the sun, and altars built whose inscriptions still attest the object of their erection. Yet more lasting than temples or altars or inscriptions, are the usages that have found lodgment in the hearts of the people.

The appearance of the sacred fire in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is the crowning glory of the great Easter festival. In Western Europe, also, many relics of Fire-worship exist in the observance of the Catholic Church. As the traveller in France ascends the valley of Seille from Arlay to Voiteur on Christmas-eve, he beholds upon the heights of Arlay, Brery, and Chateau-Chalons a spectacle of marvellous beauty. The mountains seem illuminated with constellations of blazing stars, some fixed and others in motion. It is the youth of the neighboring hamlets bearing torches in their hands, and now and then wheeling them in circles of fire. Should he ask the reason of this, the peasant would tell him that the torches thus agitated represent those carried by the shepherds who went to offer their homage to the infant SAVIOUR. The student of traditions and customs would tell him that the observance was still more ancient, and referred to the mythological system of the Hindoos.

At the port of Brest, in Brittany, a province in which are to be found many souvenirs of India, three or four thousand people assemble on the ice on Christmas-eve, with flaming torches in their hands, whose rapid movements and rotations exhibit a thousand capricious arabesques of fire, and almost make the spectator believe that he is looking upon the breaking billows of a phosphorescent ocean.

The highest peak of the chain of Lheute, which rises like a barrier between the first plateau of Jura and the Combe d'Ain, must have been worshipped in those remote ages when mountains received divine honors. On a certain day in the year the inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet of Verges celebrate a festival that must be oriental in its origin, and connected only with the age and county of the ancient Fire-worshippers. A number of the village youth ascend to the summit of Lheute and kindle fires of straw in the tops of the trees. Clinging to the branches, they light their torches by the blaze and then descend to the valley to join in the festivities of the occasion. From these examples we need not be surprised that the Gipsies should have retained many of the religious ideas of their ancestors.

With the Gipsies there is no such thing as instruction in religion. One might almost venture to say that a prayer never escapes their mouth. The name of God is often upon their lips, but there is neither knowledge nor love of Him in the heart. Though they may deny His existence, as indeed is frequently the case, their hidden belief in a Supreme Being will in some way manifest itself, so true is it that no people exist without the conception of a God, however rude and mutilated it may be. Like the eastern nations, the Gipsies believe in the efficacy of certain forms of words; and as the Orphic hymns of the Greeks were held sacred long after they ceased to be understood, so the Zend-cali have some old words, doubtless married with their ancient faith, which they do not comprehend, but retain with superstitious reverence.

The Mussulmans say there are seventy-two and a half religions, the fraction belonging to the Gipsies. So few evidences of orthodoxy do the Gipsy converts to Islamism exhibit, that the Sultan wisely leaves to the Prophet the task of selecting the true believers. Like the Jews and Christians, they are obliged to pay the capitation-tax, even though they should have made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Gipsies of Wallachia declare that they were formerly possessed of the stone churches of the land, but that, having exchanged them for churches of bacon, they ate up the latter, and had thenceforth to depend upon the Wallachs for all spiritual privileges. In the Catholic and Greek countries it is very common for the Gipsy, when in the slightest trouble, to vow a wax candle of the size of his body to the holy Mary. But he never burns one, even of the size of his little finger, bringing contempt thereby upon the Virgin and the Saints.

The indifference of the Gipsies to religion is illustrated by a circumstance that occurred in Hungary. One of their people having been condemned to die, was attended to the scaffold by two clergymen of different persuasions, both of whom were anxious to save his soul and bring him over to their particular creed. Having listened to each with apparently much attention, he inquired which of them would give him a segar. One of them gave the Gipsy what he desired, whereupon he immediately accepted the faith of the donor.

## THE YOUNG BACHELOR.

## I.

Oh! I'm a gay young bachelor,  
With heart all full of joy,  
And spirits still kept buoyed up,  
As when I was a boy.

## II.

Although the highest rent I pay,  
I own the landlord's rough,  
And though I have a tip-top room,  
I ne'er have room enough.

## III.

My bed it is not very long,  
Nor very wide, 't is true,  
But then when one grows very short,  
His things should be short too.

## IV.

Though but one single chair  
Stands tottering on my floor,  
Yet two within my room would make  
It singular no more.

## V.

And though my table's lost a leg,  
Whene'er to tea I go,  
I put my own there in its place,  
As legatee you know.

## VI.

My wardrobe, rather worn I grant,  
Speaks badly for my thrift,  
But when I cannot find a shirt,  
I always make a shift.

## VII.

Then though those woven articles  
I wear upon my soles,  
So very full of holes have grown,  
'T is hard to find the wholes;

## VIII.

Yet still this life of bachelor  
Is e'er the life for me;  
And as I ne'er loved infancy,  
In fancy I'll be free.

## IX.

For if that I should get a wife,  
And lead a life more sad;  
I know whene'er I lit my pipe,  
She would get piping mad.

## X.

Then I am sure her low-born mind  
 With mine would ne'er agree ;  
 I ne'er could get her up to my  
 Attic philosophy.

## XI.

And when she saw my herring there,  
 Sole landscape to my name,  
 She never would believe my tale,  
 By tail direct it came.

## XII.

No! e'er a jolly bachelor,  
 I think I still will be ;  
 And as to maid I ne'er made love,  
 None shall be made to me.

---

 NEWPORT OUT OF SEASON.

---

 BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.
 

---

FASHION is incurious and self-absorbed, vain, not soulful; and hence few of her votaries who, year after year, visit this island and would scorn the imputation of not knowing Newport, have ever taken cognizance of the singular local features of one of the oldest and least modified towns in New-England — where unique relics of character, individual traits of nature and associations of history and tradition exist, that would kindle an unperverted imagination and reward patient observation. You may stroll along the less frequented streets at noon-day, or ramble on the cliffs on a moonlight evening, and not encounter a human creature save, perhaps, a solitary fisherman or 'the oldest inhabitant' hoeing his vegetable patch. The strangers are herding in hotel-entries amid chatter, ribbons, and heat; the breath of nature, the haunts of lowly comfort, the expanse of ocean silvered by lunar rays, have no attraction unblended with *la mode* at whose shrine their devotions are exclusively paid. Now that there are no 'hops' except what grow on vines; now that the news-boys, organ-grinders, dancing and riding-masters, and Germanians have all vanished; now that the shops are locked at dinner-time, the piazzas solitary, the dust laid, the gongs hushed, the fops gone to Broadway and Chestnut street, no concert but the sound of waves, and no *belles* but noon chimes; Bateman's Point left to its isolated beauty and the bath-houses drawn up from the beach; now that the cottagers resume their

matutinal rambles and social tea-drinkings ; now that a promenade is more charming than a drive and a wood-fire better than a verandah ; now that the early touch of autumn has driven away the gay crowds, made the sunshine agreeable and exercise indispensable, let us explore some of the by-ways of old Newport, look under the most ancient roof-trees, talk with a few of the venerable natives, and thus realize what the region is, independent of its brief watering-place phenomena, which transform its normal aspect only for two months in the year.

The atmospheric medium is so transparent that headland, isle, and ledge have a remarkable prominence. Sachuest Point stretches into the ultra-marine expanse as if its jagged cape were newly chiselled ; Block Island is distinctly visible forty miles away, and Cormorant Rock looms high ; the low houses on Little Compton print themselves more legibly against the horizon, and the Dumpings are rounded more loftily. All summer our horses were turned toward the beach ; now the cool air invites to inland rides, and we gaze thoughtfully down the Glen at Lawton's valley, pause before Whitehall or Prescott's head-quarters, scan Sullivan's breast-works, and watch, from every side, the far-visible observatory on Tammany hill. It is pleasant to wander through the fields and see the yellow tassel of the golden rod and the nodding asters : thickly stand the ranks of maize, its green hue fading into harvest shades ; quinces hang thick and ripe, apples blush, and sun-flowers turn their starry ovals to the light ; in quiet coves floats the green-necked teal, and over-head pass flocks of black-duck ; sheep patiently lay their heads together in the sun on the slope of brown pastures, and geese waddle across the road ; orange-dyed pumpkins scintillate in the sunshine ; sand-belts, at low tide, are dazzling white ; mosses look, in the clear brine, like coral flowers ; dahlias flaunt gayly ; the angles of rock and leaf are sharper ; the ocean and bay, when calm, are as immense tables of *lapis lazuli* ; sumac cones are vividly crimson ; the maple is a world of delicate gems ; all the prospect seems freshly enamelled with color and light ; the touch of the breeze, the radiance of the sunset, the deeper blue of the sea proclaim that Autumn has come. It is a reminiscent season ; and, as we wander, come back to us those whose fame is identified with this island — Canonicus, who sold its fair acres ; Roger Williams, who made it an asylum for the persecuted ; and Honyman, Calender, Berkeley, Stiles, and Channing, the clerical worthies whose names grace the landscape ; Smibert, Stuart, Malbone, and Allston, who here pursued Art in their youth ; and Franklin, whose press may still be seen in a corner of the old *Mercury* office which his brother James established. We think of the days when the hospitable Colonel Malbone reassured his alarmed guests, and had the dinner-table moved on to the lawn, and continued the repast in sight of his burning mansion ; when Dr. Hunter, a refugee from the Stuart rebellion, went hence as surgeon to the expedition against Crown Point ; when Vernon entertained Lafayette, and Lightfoot showed the natives what a scholar and epicure at old

Oxford learned; when British soldiers turned the churches into stables, made the State-house a hospital, and burned Beavertail light-house, and the 'Isle of Peace' became a scene of wantonness and devastation; when the petted Africans, of patriarchal slavery, made famous dishes for colonial *bon-vivants*; and a ship, under full sail before a gentle breeze, run her keel into the strand at noon-day, with no living creature on board but a dog, and an untasted breakfast spread in the cabin—a mystery to this hour; when rich Jews thronged, on Saturdays, the now deserted synagogue, whose bequests yet keep green and well ordered their rural cemetery; when tropical fruits and lowland brocade came fresh from the West-Indies and Flemish looms into the old aristocratic town; when privateers levied a tax on the isolated population, and George Fox held polemic disputes with the clergy; when fleet Naragansett ponies bore Quaker beauties from farm to farm; when Lord Northumberland declared the society worthy of St. James's, and Dr. Waterhouse praised the laboratories; when Redwood initiated the library, and Hessians cut down the trees; when Mrs. Cowley's assembly-room was honored by Washington leading the minuet, and Rochambeau exchanged military salutes with Trumbull; when the September gale frosted every casement with brine, and the Peace lighted them up with a thousand burning tapers.

There are more amusing recollections of later origin and less historical significance. A French dentist, whose courteous bow was a lesson in the streets, a few years ago, enjoyed the office of consul, long a mere sinecure, but rendered to him an unexpected source of honor and profit. A vessel under French colors one day entered the harbor and was moored at the quay. Her crew lavished their money so freely in the town as to excite suspicion; but the local authorities were indifferent, and she would have left as she came, but for the official activity of the Gallic king's representative; he was dissatisfied with her papers, and found objects of luxury on board ill-suited to a merchantman. In the absence of direct evidence, he took the responsibility of committing the captain and his men to prison, obtained an order from the home government to send them to France, where they were tried and condemned as notorious pirates; the presence of the urbane dentist was requested at court; he was honored and paid for his services, and came back on a visit to his old friends at Newport, with a red ribbon in his button-hole, and a valuable royal commission in his pocket.

At the time the rumor of a 'long, low, black schooner' filled the dreams of old women and the columns of young journals throughout the New-England borders, an order arrived here that a sloop-of-war should be forthwith dispatched to hunt the mysterious craft. Among the volunteers was a Quaker veteran who held an office in the custom-house, and felt bound, as an *employé* of Uncle Sam, to volunteer in this hazardous service. Old Slocum was known and loved by every one in Newport; he had but one in-

firmity and one fault; he was deaf and curious: thus, when he beheld two people talking, he invariably approached, with his hands together in the shape of an ear-trumpet, and thrusting it between the speakers, eagerly inquired: '*What's the idee?*' Few manifested impatience at the interruption; and many gratified the honest creature's pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A week after the sloop's departure, at the hour of noon, on a calm and bright spring day, the inhabitants of the quiet town were startled by the distant thunder of cannon. The butcher dropped his cleaver and the thread of his customer's gossip; the cobbler left his wax-end half through the sole on his knee; the spinster pricked her finger by the jerk with which she perforated the sampler; and all the female gender ran to the door, while the sterner sex, half of them with uncovered heads, hurried to the Parade in breathless expectancy. 'There has been a fight,' said one. 'They have met the pirate!' exclaimed another. A maiden, whose lover was on board the sloop, was heard to shriek; the town clerk turned pale, and a disabled pilot looked oracular. At this critical moment, a lawyer, regarded as the most shrewd man in the community, was seen approaching, with downcast eyes, and at a funereal pace, from the vicinity of the docks. 'Ah!' cried more than one of the excited crowd, 'he knows all about it; how solemn he looks! some dreadful news is coming!' Slowly, and without looking up, the lawyer drew near. 'Alas! my friends,' he exclaimed, 'who would have thought our brave boys were doomed to be conquered! D—n the bloody pirate!' 'No profanity!' said a deacon. 'O my Jim!' blubbered a poor woman. 'Tell us all about it,' coolly demanded a surly bachelor; but the majority only gazed, horror-struck, upon the lawyer, and awaited the truth in mute suspense. 'For my part,' he continued, 'having no relatives on board, Old Slocum's fate weighs most bitterly on my heart.' 'What! did he go, after all?' inquired a broad-brim, 'it was against our principles.' 'Yes,' said another, 'but he felt it his duty, poor fellow!' Some of the old men wiped away a tear; all looked mournful, and the lawyer stood an incarnation of pathos. 'Was he killed the first fire?' at length asked a sobbing voice. 'No, he walked the plank.' The listeners shuddered and huddled more closely together. 'Yes, my friends,' resumed their informant, in melancholy tones, 'his behavior was characteristic; after the sloop was boarded, he stood in passive contemplation by the mast, until urged toward, and mounted on, the plank; even then he, innocent soul, did not comprehend his awful fate, but leaning forward to the nearest villain, and with his rounded hands to his ear, neighbors, as we have seen him so often, and unenlightened by a stab in the hind-quarters with which one of the wretches tried to urge him forward, he meekly asked: '*What's the idee?*' The twinkle in the lawyer's eye, as well as his rapid retreat at this climax, reminded them all of his habitual waggery, but too late to escape the intense consciousness of having been thoroughly hoaxed.

Here is a domicile in which every linden rattles, and whose clap-



boards are moss-grown and silvery with years of wind, sunshine, and rain; the floors and staircase are painted green: see that dwindled, alert form watching the tea-kettle all by herself; how tough, keen, and good-humored she looks in her isolation; enter, and she will atone for many taciturn days by a volubility that takes away your breath. Her library consists of a huge family Bible, the Farmer's Almanac, and a series of log-books, in which the fortunes of the 'Sally Ann,' a notable whaler, are recorded in the honest chirography of her rugged sire, who ploughed the main three-score years, and was then laid in the church-yard furrow, leaving this filial blossom to wither alone upon its virgin stem. In that 'acre of God,' a good German designation, are many curious epitaphs; and it is a pensive satisfaction to read these quaint inscriptions, with the mellow breath of autumn swaying the long grass beside you, and lifting the distant haze from the low shores of Naragansett, until the amber gates of the west seem to open into boundless crystal courts of heaven as the red sun goes down. I transcribed these two odd elegies from the sunken head-stones:

*'The human form,  
respected for its honesty, and known fifty-three years by the appellation of  
CHRISTOPHER ELLERY,  
began to dissolve in the month of February, 1789.*

—  
'If tears, alas, could speak a husband's woe,  
My verse would straight in plaintive numbers flow;  
But since thy well-known piety demands  
A public monument at thy GEORGE's hands,  
O ABIGAIL! I dedicate this tomb to thee,  
Thou dearest half of poor forsaken me.'

Coaster's Island is divided from Newport by a broad inlet. It slopes gradually up from the water, and a large stone building stands in the midst of the green declivity; this is the Newport alms-house. As we cross the ferry, propelled by an old salt who has rowed over to the little jetty at our signal, the commanding situation and salubrious exposure of the edifice, excites surprise at its public use. Where land is sold by the foot, as in our large cities, and at prices equally extravagant, it seems remarkable that so eligible a site for a gentleman's domain should be appropriated to a municipal charity; the island was bequeathed for the purpose by Governor Coddington, the original purchaser of Aquidneck from the aborigines in 1638, and his portrait hangs over the bed where one of his descendants died, the victim of dissolute habits; who found a last asylum in the Hospital founded by his noble ancestor, and sent for this picture, the only item left of his patrimony, to solace his dying hour with that pride of birth which but enhanced his own infamy. The coincidence would make an effective climax in a novel. The inmates of this retreat offer a singular phase of human life to the moralist. Turf and sea, prolific fields and a charming landscape, environ the asylum of poverty; imbeciles wander undisturbed around the dwelling, or bask in the sun; the able-bodied work in the garden; a superannuated man-of-war's-man has filled

his cell with little ships, carved with nicety and rigged to a charm; a crazy German talks to himself all day; in one room is a neatly-clad old lady, with her books and knitting, the aged survivor of a large family, too proud to accept private charity, and respectable and contented with that provided by her native town; there sits a patient man in the prime of life, blinded by the premature discharge of a rock-blast; here plays a little foundling, whose fair skin and deep eyes indicate an educated parentage; there a wild hag plucks at her withered breast without ceasing; below is a frantic and nude cripple in a cage; down by the shore is a little hut built of drift-wood and mud—the nook where a gentle maniac loves to hide; his organ of acquisitiveness is diseased, and his whole life is passed in collecting waifs of every kind—pebbles, rusty nails, bits of glass, sticks, and shells, which he secretes about his person, and conceals in the rude cabin where he delights to play the miser over fancied treasures.

At the head of 'Long Wharf,' where an odor of tar and dock-mud suggests a most incongruous association with the pleasures of literature, a large weather-beaten sign announces the Richardson Library; not so called in memory of the author of 'Pamela,' but of the family—that of one of Newport's early Post-masters, who, before the days of cheap books, dispensed to her fair maidens and old captains, a weekly pabulum of fiction or South-Sea voyages, at the rate of fourpence-halfpenny, Massachusetts coin. The three daughters of this ancient letter-king would have made excellent portraits for Miss Ferrier or Dickens; it was their business to hand over the few-and-far-between epistles brought hither by the mail-coach, and this they did with a distinctive art—one being witty, another pretty, and the third a coquette; so that many a game of repartee and ogling was carried on between the pigeon-holes and the window of the office; notwithstanding their opportunities, however, the trio continued spinsters, and now but one remains in the lone house where, at a subsequent date, when deprived of official patronage, they kept a circulating library: the books have also dwindled to a few dusty and faded volumes, having been gradually sold by the survivor, who, with a venerable cat, a high-backed chair, and a heap of yellow papers on the little oaken stand before her, may yet be seen, the picture of antique single-blessedness, cosily basking near the sunny window. It is curious to glance at this remnant of what was the popular reading half a century ago; well-worn copies of 'The Scottish Chief,' 'Thaddens of Warsaw,' and the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' interspersed with handsome octavo editions of 'Zimmerman on Solitude,' 'Cook's Voyages,' 'Moore's Travels,' the first American reprint of Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' Weems's 'Life of Washington,' and 'Darwin's Botanic Garden,' an illustrated quarto, the pride of the collection, and other favorites of that day. It is a place where Lamb would have enjoyed an hour of quaint musing, and Hawthorne found a scene for one of his Flemish interiors. Farther down the old wharf, Trevett, who is a kind of amphibious philoso-

pher, with a niece that might pass for Smike's sister, keeps a rickety bath-house, and while heating the salt water for some rheumatic ablutionist, will spin him a yarn about the days when he and Secretary Marcy kept school together. What Dryden was to Claude Halero, and George the Fourth to Bean Brummell, was his 'illustrious friend' to Trevett, who, amid the saline mists of his humble avocation, read in the journals of his successful colleague's diplomatic vicissitudes, with no little pride and sympathy, having, as he declares, predicted that functionary's political eminence from the sagacity he exhibited in ruling troublesome urchins, and leading school-committees by the nose.

At an angle of Mary-street stand, *vis-à-vis*, two fine old wooden dwellings, well-preserved specimens of New-England architecture at the era of colonial and revolutionary pride — the Vernon and Champlin mansions; pleasant is the sight of their panelled wain-scots, low cornices and cosy window-seats; easy the ascent of their staircases, hospitable the air of the front yard of the one and broad door-step of the other. We have so few domestic vestiges of New-England, that the aristocratic dwellings that remain in such places as Salem, Portsmouth, and Newport, have a peculiar charm. In some of them here there is a look more in harmony with the natural features of the town than modern villas and cottages boast; they have, too, a traditional interest: one was the head-quarters of Washington, another of Count Rochambeau; here Lafayette sojourned; there was given a famous ball, made brilliant by the stately minnet wherein American and foreign officers figured; on the little window-panes of one may yet be seen the initials of Newport belles and Quaker beauties, scribbled with diamond rings, in pensive mood, by their Gallic lovers; tiles from Delft Haven, representing, not without artistic merit, quaint caricatures of John Bull, Monsieur, Mynheer, etc., surround some of the large, open fire-places once glowing with huge Christmas-fires: queer patriotic and scriptural engravings, in some instances, adorn the walls; circular mirrors of the best plate-glass, and with grotesque frames; heavy, tall chairs, with brocade seats; massive old escritoirs, and other curiosities of furniture may still occasionally be seen in these conservative domicils. Some of them have gardens in the rear, where sun-flowers, princess' feathers, morning-glories, scarlet beans, marigolds, coxcombs, hollyhocks, sage, savory, and other olden herbs and flowers dear to the simple tastes of our ancestors, rankly flourish; and, when warmed by an October sun, display tints and breathe odors redolent of primitive domestic nooks, such as recall the scenes beloved of Shenstone, Goldsmith, Fielding, Cowper, and Crabbe. Sometimes, when the venerable proprietor of one of the old houses on Thames-street dies, the antedeluvian upholstery is sold at auction, and files of newspapers, with dates more than a century back, spider-legged tables, clocks with a big moon over the dial-plate, volumes of forgotten theology, and fierce political pamphlets on questions long ago consigned to oblivion, form an antiquarian *melange* such as would drive Monkbarns frantic with joy.

There is a little thoroughfare adjacent to the Aquidneck House, called *Corné-street*, in memory of a genuine son of Naples, long the favorite of sportsmen and epicures, who made their summer quarters here before Newport became a fashionable resort. He was one of those round-paunched, shrill-voiced, gay-hearted creatures, no where born except within sight of Vesuvius, who can sing a *barcarole*, cook a hare, improvise a soup, play the violin, tell a story, and raise cauliflowers, each and all in a way unequalled by any other child of the South. Full of animal spirits, with a sense at once ingenious and keen for all kinds of physical enjoyment, musical, jolly, epicurean, kindly, they are sublimated Sancho Panzas and epitomes of material well-being: half-Punchinellos, half-artists, with a dash of Falstaff and an inkling of Gil Blas, they seem made to enjoy life as it is, and distil pleasure, undisturbed either by aspiration or misgiving. Such is the Neapolitan philosopher, of which Corné was as genuine an instance as ever crossed the sea. A native of Elba, his youthful days at Naples were divided between a pictorial, a military, and a lazzaroni life, until he became compromised at the time of the Queen's flight under Nelson's auspices, and sought refuge on board a brig about to sail for Boston. Thence he travelled southward, and painted some battle-scenes for the government, and several houses in fresco, then quite a novelty; returned, saved up a little money, and opened a fruit-store in Dock Square; his good-humor and facetiousness, his oranges and achievements with the brush, his anecdotes of poor Carriucoli, of the English admiral, brave but perverted, and the Queen's guard, of which he was one, with his private lessons in cooking, given *con amore* in the kitchens of his customers — the way he told his beads in a thunder-storm and his anecdotes in the sunshine — these and other traits and services, gained him friends and filled his purse; so that when possessed of ten thousand dollars, he determined, after the wise manner of his country, to retire and enjoy himself. A French *confrère* recommended Newport, and hither he came one pleasant summer afternoon. In the course of an hour's ramble, he encountered eleven old men, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and this instantly prepossessed him in favor of the climate. A few hundred piasters obtained him a lot, on which he reared a plain frame-house over-looking the harbor, and laid out a garden; the walls of his chamber in the former, he adorned with sketches of rocks, ships, fishermen, and other Mediterranean scenes, dashed off a head of Washington at the top of the stairs, hung the parlor with colored prints of Vesuvius, Capri, the Chiaja, and other objects of his native landscapes, laid in a stock of macaroni, red wine, Bologna sausages, and snuff, placed a crucifix near his bed-post, sowed beans, artichokes, gooseberries, and tomatoes — the latter fruit introduced to this region by him — and set himself deliberately to work enjoying what he called his American Elba; with an adopted son, whose gun and rod, proverbially expert, bountifully supplied his table with fish and game, he was soon domesticated in 'our isle' to his heart's content, and became a favorite with the

community both high and low. Gentlemen fond of the cheerful and odd in human nature, would share his hospitality and listen to his reminiscences; distressed neighbors found in him a ready counsellor and benevolent friend; he was the oracle of the barber's shop, where his silhouette likeness still hangs; foreigners loved to stop at his door and practise their native tongue; gourmands praised his culinary skill, and rustics wondered at his artistic experiments; and so dwelt Corné for many years in the old sea-port town he loved, a Neapolitan in taste and habits to the last; and enacting marvellously the life of those warm shores, where Virgil was buried, the Roman emperors revelled, Salvator loved to paint, Massaniello revolutionized, and Murat ruled: the land of sunshine, singers, macaroni, and volcanoes. Methinks I hear his merry chuckle, the instinctive accent of animal delight, over some choice jest, song, or dish, and recal the wonderment with which I first encountered this incarnation of *dolce far niente* humanity, in busy, locomotive, controversial, political, grave America. The primitive frescoes yet adorn his chamber-walls, the artichokes and grape-vines bloom in his garden, his portrait—a rubicund face and bald head, anointed with the oil of physical content—survives; but the happy old man, many summers ago, departed in a green old age.

A low-roofed, diminutive farm-house, by the road-side, a few miles beyond the town, offers a reminiscent contrast to this veteran Sybarite. Its unpainted shingles are weather-stained, its little front yard boasts no ornament but a flaunting cluster of tiger-lilies, it hints no tale of human suffering or spiritual beauty to the passing equestrian; and yet it is memorable in the annals of rustic piety and humble song. Here dwelt Cynthia Taggart, the gifted martyr, whose story a Wilson's pen might effectively weave into the Lights and Shadows of Rhode-Island life; it is already embalmed in anthologies, and is the subject of a tract not inferior, of its kind, to 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' A clergyman, several years ago, approaching the cottage where this poor heroine's family dwelt, to inquire his way to the ferry, became interested in the conversation of her aged father, entered his house of mourning, and witnessed a scene which his words and pen made known with pathetic emphasis. Cynthia had been twenty-seven years bed-ridden, and so-laced her daily anguish with a lyre, which, though unadorned by learning, and simple in its art, breathed genuine inspiration. One sister was a hopeless cripple, another insane; the mother palsied, the father infirm, and all indigent; and yet they sang hymns, read books of Christian consolation, never murmured, and were strong in faith. 'The Taggarts were always a reading family,' said the old man with honest pride. He had served in the war of Independence, and his white head was often bowed in eloquent prayer, while his wife pondered, 'No Cross, no Crown,' and his stricken daughter, in the intervals of pain, wrote an 'Ode to Health' worthy of Cowper's muse. This story of domestic suffering and piety, of saintly age and elegiac youth, the image of this isolated country girl, wasted by disease, yet meekly wearing her singing robes to the last, throws a plaintive charm over the old Taggart



cottage, at one time a shrine to the benevolent, and now the local memorial of those to whom, as the beloved of Heaven, is given the promised sleep.

More than a hundred years ago, as the figures on his mossy gravestone prove, died William Claggett, one of those men of mechanical genius for which the country of Franklin is renowned; his name appears as an electrician in the colonial days of Newport; and a remarkable trophy of his skill is preserved in one of the old houses. It is a clock which not only faithfully reports the hour, but the day of the week and the month, beside sounding a chime which rings out as melodiously now as when, a century back, it excited the wonder of the inventor's townsmen. Over this precious relic two antiquated maidens keep vigil; a grand old tree shades their old wooden house, a bright flower stands in the window, and in the low-roofed parlor are quaint specimens of their handiwork, kept as a kind of permanent fair, by the sale of which they eke out a comfortable subsistence. Their neighbor has a bedstead which came over in a ship when arrivals from the mother-country were so rare as to be chronicled on any piece of household furniture which survived the perilous transit. In another dwelling may be seen a female figure clad in the dimity and caps which elsewhere we only find in venerable portraits; her chairs are covered with chintz, on which ruralize a succession of shepherds; on the stand at her side are silver vessels engraved with the crest of a high family; and her decanters have no existent type, except such as we occasionally find in a primitive engraving. Romance would scarcely be imagined as woven into the texture of her life, so prim, wan, and sapless is her image; but there is a soft twinkle in the dark eye as she proudly exhibits a miniature of her husband from the pencil of Malbone. It is the face of a gentleman of the old school, with powdered hair, ruddy cheeks, and aristocratic profile — not a line or tint defaced by time. The manner in which he wooed the bride, whose virgin charms had fled ere she stood with him at the altar, is a characteristic instance of that elder gallantry whose declension Burke and Charles Lamb lamented. They had been neighbors from youth to middle age, exchanging every Sunday stately courtesies at the church-door, he, the fine old gentleman, and she, the rich spinster of the town, both contented with their situation; the one too proud to conciliate a fortune, and the other too maidenly to attract an acknowledged beau of the old school. One summer afternoon, as he took his accustomed walk, under the elms of the Parade, a scream rose upon the quiet air; he knew the voice and hastened to the rescue. Two graceless brothers of the rich old maid were endeavoring, by violence, to obtain her signature to a deed of renunciation of her share of the family estate; they fled ere the uplifted cane of the indignant knight bruised their shameless heads. He soothed the frightened heiress, and listened to her terror-stricken complaints. 'Madam,' said he, 'I can only protect you in the character of a husband.' And upon this hint the old couple were made one flesh.

As the day wanes, at the little casement under that willow, may be seen a countenance so spiritually thin, framed in a snowy cap of Quaker model, that you recognize at a glance an uncanonized saint. Her *thee* and *thou* have a scriptural pathos; she is a phantom of the past, gentle, patient, believing, but as unaware of the advancement of science, save in vague dreams, as if she belonged to another planet. She knits yarn stockings, reads Fox's 'Martyrs,' and sands the floor as if the steam-loom, Dickens, and cheap carpets had never existed. Modern locomotion is a mystery. One of her sons thriving in another place, by dint of much entreaty persuaded her once to visit a neighboring town; the old lady noted her last wishes, hunted up shawls and a foot-stove, and lay awake all night in anxious expectation; her astonishment at the motion of the railway-cars produced a long interval of thoughtful silence, which at last she broke with the inquiry, what relation an interminable thread of wire in the air bore to the machine in which she was hurried along. When informed it was the telegraph, 'My son,' she observed, 'I have done this to please thee; don't ask me to return by the wire; if thou dost, I shall say thee nay.'

On one of these mild and quiet October days, Uncle Toby and the Corporal might revel undisturbed at Fort Adams.\* They could measure a ravelin, mount a gun-carriage, survey a glacis, and rehearse the sieges in Flanders, undisturbed by intruders. The morning salute no longer wakes the echoes of the bay, the iron hail lies in rusty pyramids, the grass nods between the stones; no stirring music or sentinel's tread breaks the stillness of those massive walls, and one disabled soldier forms the garrison. Birds have woven their peaceful nests on the angles of the parapets, and spiders their webs over the dumb mouths of the cannon. The weed-grown inclosure, but a few summers ago, was the fashionable Corso of Newport, and the bulwarks a gallery for fair spectators of the regatta; while the barrack-rooms were a frequent scene of cheerful hospitality. Now the visitor walks alone on the ramparts to gaze upon the opposite town rising in a picturesque combination of foliage and dwellings on the hill-side, or round upon the harbor studded with islands and graceful sails, or seaward upon cape, pharos, and the boundless deep. The clear tranquillity and secure comfort of the prospect contrasts strangely with the war-like preparations within; the calm resources of nature with the destructive arrangements of man.

In Touro-street dwells the respected widow of the hero of Lake Erie.† The memory of that gallant achievement is kept alive here by more than one survivor of the battle, by the granite shaft over the victor's tomb, and the annual parade of the volunteer military corps instituted in honor of the event. On the widow's parlor-wall hang rude engravings of the fight; and on a late visit there, I examined the memorials she cherishes with pious care. There is the freedom of the city of New-York tendered him on his return

---

\* Since garrisoned.

† Since deceased.



from the lakes, enrolled on parchment, exquisitely drafted, adorned with allegorical figures, and signed by De Witt Clinton; the gold medal bestowed by Pennsylvania; the massive silver wine-coolers from the citizens of Boston; a jewelled snuff-box, and municipal testimonials presented along his triumphant progress from Erie to Newport. As we talked of those memorable days, with these tokens scattered around, and the aged survivor spoke, with tears, of the recent death of her first-born, her beautiful grand-daughter entered the room, and I too mused of the glorious past between worthy representatives of two generations.

---

SONG OF THE ARCH-ANGELS.

---

PROLOGUE IN FAUST.

---

RAPHAEL.

THE sun yet sounds his ancient song,  
 Exultant, 'mid the choral spheres,  
 In thunder-swiftness rolled along,  
 He journeys through the allotted years.  
 The angels strengthen in his light,  
 Though none may read his mystic gaze,  
 THY works, unutterably bright,  
 Are fair as on the First of Days.

GABRIEL.

And swift, unutterably swift,  
 Revolves the splendor of the world:  
 The gleams of Aidenn glow and shift,  
 The shroud of night is spread and furled.  
 The sea in foamy waves is hurled  
 Against the rooted rocks profound;  
 And rocks and seas, together whirled,  
 Sweep on in their eternal round.

MICHAEL.

And storms are shouting, as in strife,  
 From sea to land, from land to sea,  
 And weave a chain of wildest life  
 Round all, in rude tempestuous glee.  
 Thou, Desolation, fliest abroad,  
 Before the thunder's dreaded way:  
 And here THY messengers, O LORD!  
 Watch the sweet parting of THY day.

THE THREE.

The angels strengthen in THY sight,  
 Though none may know THY wondrous ways;  
 Yea, all THY works sublimely bright,  
 Are fair as on the First of Days.

H. H. B.

## L E S   B O H É M I E N S .

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## I.

WIZARDS, jugglers, thieving crew, —  
 Refuse drawn  
 From nations gone, —  
 Wizards, jugglers, thieving crew,  
 Merry Gipsies, whence come you ?

## II.

Whence we come ? There's none may know.  
 Swallows come,  
 But where their home ?  
 Whence we come ? There's none may know.  
 Who shall tell us where we go ?

## III.

From country, law and monarch free,  
 Such a lot  
 Who envies not ?  
 From country, law and monarch free,  
 Man is blest one day in three.

## IV.

Free-born babes we greet the day, —  
 Church's rite  
 Denied us quite, —  
 Free-born babes we greet the day,  
 To sound of fife and roundelay.

## V.

Our young feet are unconfined  
 Here below  
 Where follies grow, —  
 Our young feet are unconfined  
 By swaddling bands of errors blind.

## VI.

Good people at whose cost we thieve  
 In juggling book  
 Will always look ;  
 Good people at whose cost we thieve  
 In sorcerers and in saints believe.

## VII.

If PLUTUS meets our tramping band,  
 Charity !  
 We gaily cry ;  
 If PLUTUS meets our tramping band,  
 We sing and hold him out our hand.

## VIII.

Hapless birds whom God has blest  
 Hunted down  
 Through every town, —

Hapless birds whom God has blest  
Deep in forests hangs our nest.

## ix.

Love, without his torch, at night,  
Bids us meet  
In union sweet;  
Love, without his torch, at night,  
Binds us to his chariot's flight.

## x.

Thine eye can never stir again,  
Learned sage  
Of slenderest gauge, —  
Thine eye can never stir again  
From thy old steeple's rusty vane.

## xi.

Seeing is having. Here we go!  
Life that's free  
Is ecstasy.  
Seeing is having. Here we go!  
Who sees all, conquers all below.

## xii.

But still in every place they cry,  
Join the strife  
Or lag through life;  
But still in every place they cry,  
'Thou'rt born, good-day; thou diest, good-bye.

## xiii.

When we die, both young and old,  
Great and small,  
God save us all!  
When we die, both young and old,  
To the doctors all are sold.

## xiv.

We are neither rich nor proud;  
Laws we scorn  
For freedom born;  
We are neither rich nor proud, —  
Have no cradle, roof or shroud.

## xv.

But, trust us, we are merry still,  
Lord or priest  
Greatest or least:  
But, trust us, we are merry still;  
'T is happiness to have our will.

## xvi.

Yes, trust us, we are merry still  
Lord or priest  
Greatest or least, —  
Yes, trust us, we are merry still:  
'T is happiness to have our will.

May 6th, 1858.

## A D O N K E Y G R A P H .

---

'Sic itur ad astra.'

---

WHEN the immortal Quick, in the character of Richard III. at his own benefit, came to the scene where the crook-backed tyrant exclaims:

'A horse! a horse! My *kingdom* for a horse!'

he put a finishing stroke to the fun by adding, with a look, voice, and gesture perfectly irresistible:

'And if you can't get a horse, bring a donkey!'

The comedian hinted at a significant truth, for if the former of these animals did not exist, would not the latter be considered the most serviceable of beasts?

We must admit that we never had even a remote conception of the excellence of this creature, until set down one morning in Grand Cairo to behold the aged and the young, Pachas and beggars, lovers and the beloved, donkeyed every where. 'Hab my donkey, O Basha! me call him Young America!' cried one of the Arab urchins, who in a fierce contest for our patronage that resembled the fabled combat of Typhon and Osiris, fairly insinuated their animals between our legs. But he was quickly under-bid by a dark-skinned lad who,

'His eye with a fine frenzy rolling,'

persuaded me to mount his four-footed companion, yeleft 'Yankee Doodle.' How could I fail to appreciate so delicate a compliment to my country?

The donkey came from the Orient, whence also came histories and the poesies. His fossilized bones are found in the strata of the ancient civilizations; and, setting aside authentic records, the merest myth, floated down to us upon the sea of tradition, does not refer to a period more remote than that in which the donkey, in some form or other, is supposed to have existed.

From the East, that prolific Mother of Nations, the donkey appears to have advanced westward, yet not until a period of ripe development. Aristotle assures us that, in his time, these animals were unknown in Pontus, Scythia, and in the country of the Celts; and down to the reign of Elizabeth, England 'did yeelde no asses.' Wealth and an advanced state of culture, however, introduce luxuries. In the Periclean age of Athens, donkeys were cherished for the tables of the great. Does not Martial state that the epicures of Rome held the flesh of the onager or wild-ass in the same reputation as venison is now held? It is related by Pliny, that the most deli-

cate and best-flavored foals were brought from Africa; and Pop-pæa, wife of the Emperor Nero, did she not bathe every day in asses' milk, for the purpose of beautifying her skin — four or five hundred of the animals being kept for her special purpose?

But the donkeys belong to the 'peeled nations;' and so widely are they now dispersed, that it would be almost impossible, by pedestrian or other means of locomotion, to visit a place inhabited by men, where specimens of the race are not to be found. Might we not indeed almost say, that the voice with which the donkey salutes the morning, daily encircles the earth with a spasmodic yet uninterrupted strain after harmony?

In the East, as also in Spain, it is customary to shear donkeys, both for ornament and greater cleanliness. The employment may be classed with the fine arts, and the old women of *Pont Neuf* (who has not there read the *avertissement* of the widow Bish-off: . . . . *tonse les chiens et va en Paris?*) do not practise their profession on cats and poodles with greater assiduity.

To heighten the effect, the tonsorial artists do not remove the entire capillary coat from the sides and backs of the animals submitted to their shears. Fanciful patterns are suffered to remain, and a tuft of hair is always left on the end of the tail, to be used as a bell-pull, or as the rope by which a postillion hands himself upon the coach-box, by the donkey-boy in the rear, who, so far as locomotion is concerned, is 'the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.' A sentimental driver will also have the ciphers of his true love's name cut on his beast's rump. Moreover, it is not a little diverting to watch the cunning hand of one of these knights of the shears toiling to reproduce upon the lateral or dorsal surface of a patient donkey reliefs and figures that would not have been out of place on Achilles' shield, or, comparing small things with great, on the propylon of an Egyptian temple.

This patient beast—is he not more closely associated with sacred things than any other animal? Was he not domesticated in Syria and Egypt long before the horse was reduced to subjection? The earliest mention in sacred history of any kind of cattle subsequent to the Deluge, relates to Abraham's visit to Egypt, when Pharoah entreated him well for Sarah's sake. Among the presents of oxen, servants, and asses made him by the Egyptian monarch, in the catalogue of Abimelek's presents to Abraham, in the inventory of the patriarch's effects on the occasion of Isaac's marriage, in the account of Jacob's riches and the spoils taken from Sechem; and in the list of things we are not to envy, is there any allusion to the haughty animal which in our affections has completely usurped the place of the donkey?

The donkey is also intimately associated with things profane. We do not assert that he has caused more swearing than any other creature in the world, but are we not safe in maintaining that the profanity evoked by him has been of the most sulphurous quality?

Whether Zeno, like Coleridge, ever said to a donkey, 'I hail thee, Brother,' we know not; but 'the blind old bard' alludes to

his stoical indifference to pain, and the keen appetite that 'seeketh after every green thing:'

'THOUGH round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain.'

Why was Ajax, who wished only for light, likened by Homer to an ass? And is it not probable that the fifth proposition in the First Book of Euclid, took the name of *pons asinorum* as much from the natural analogy between an emaciated donkey and conic sections, as from the difficulty of that famous proposition to beginners in geometry?

When Demosthenes was on one occasion haranguing the Athenian assembly in favor of an accused person, he could not command the attention of his auditors. Leaving the subject, he gave the following story: 'I was going a short time since to Megara on a hired ass. The heat was excessive, but not a tree nor a shrub was to be found that could afford me shelter. I suddenly bethought myself that I might avoid the scorching heat of the sun by sheltering myself under the belly of my conveyance. The owner of the beast stopped me: 'Sir,' said he coolly, 'you hired the ass, but you did not hire the ass's shadow.' The dispute grew hot between us.' At these words there was a complete silence in the assembly, and every one listened attentively for the issue of the adventure. The orator saw his opportunity, and with much force upbraided his audience for listening to so trivial a story, and refusing their attention when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. 'To quarrel over an ass's shadow' henceforth became synonymous with the discussion of any unimportant subject. Samson, though unable to withstand the tongue of a woman, proved himself a better orator than Demosthenes, the thick-skulled Philistines having succumbed, 'heaps upon heaps,' in the most successful instance of jawing on record.

While Solyman the Magnificent was building his great mosque in Constantinople, it is related that he suspended the work one year, in order that the foundations might have time to settle. Shah Thamas Khan, King of Persia, naturally supposing that the delay in so pious an undertaking was caused by want of money, sent a great ambassador to Solyman with two mules laden with valuable jewels. He presented the Shah's letter to the Sultan, but the latter was so incensed on reading its contents, that immediately, in the ambassador's presence, he distributed half of the jewels to the Jews of Stamboul, saying: 'Each Rifazi (Persian) changed into an ass at the awful day of doom, shall bear to the fires of perdition some Jew or other. To them, therefore, I give this treasure, that they may have pity on you on that day, and be sparing in the use of whips and spurs.'

The French say:

'Every poet is a liar, and his trade the excuse.'

Let us write *fable-monger* instead of poet, and we shall have the reason why almost every author, from Æsop to La Fontaine, who



has sought to put wisdom into the mouths of brutes, has deliberately attempted to make the donkey ridiculous. It must be allowed, however, that his voice and manner are not altogether favorable to the maintenance of gravity. Does not Lucilius relate that Crassus, the grand-father of Marcus, the wealthy Roman, never laughed but once in his life, and then at a donkey that had the weakness to yield to a vulgar prejudice in favor of thistles?

We are, shall we say it, almost believers in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, namely, that the spirits of men are wont to inhabit the bodies of donkeys and *vice versa*. Is it necessary to invest this modest creature with fashionable raiment, in the manner of illustrated fables, to be reminded of individuals of our acquaintance possessed of the gift, but not of the practice of reason? And is there not foundation here for a theory enabling us to comprehend those remarkable friendships that have occasionally existed between men and donkeys—friendships compared with which those of Damon and Pythias, of Achilles and Patroclus, seem but sentimental attachments?

We must, therefore, confess, that we never look upon a donkey without more than suspecting him to be a human being in the melancholy condition described by Apuleius. Lucius, a sentimental Roman youth, weary of being a mere mortal, besought a famous enchantress to change him into an eagle, in order that he might take a flight in the empyrean. His body was duly anointed, and Lucius, in fond anticipation, began to move his arms after the manner of the bird of Jove. But the enchantress had by mistake used the wrong box of ointment, and behold a metamorphosis, little expected by the youth! His tender skin began to thicken, and assume a hairy covering. The distinct fingers and toes gradually hardened into bony hoofs. His body was bent down to the earth in place of cleaving the sky. His face became enormously elongated, the ears enlarged, the mouth widened, and the lips thickened and pendulous, while a tail appeared which was to prove a special object of mortification and annoyance. Lucius could only look sideways with tearful eyes. Had not speech also left him, he might have appropriately exclaimed with ‘as pretty a piece of man’s flesh as any in Messina,’ ‘Write me down an ass!’ The eating of roses could alone break the enchantment and restore him, no longer despising the condition of humanity, to his former self. Thus, retaining all his natural feelings and inclinations, was Lucius condemned to wander over the world to procure the means of disenchantment, but finding every where thistles instead of roses, and patiently enduring the traditional treatment of donkeys.

We would not wish, like the author of Tristram Shandy, to commune forever with a donkey, but are often tempted to interrogate him as to whether every member of his race is not in reality a human being. Does he not in fact possess many qualities peculiar to moral and intellectual greatness? Did any one ever see a proud, hypocritical, self-conceited, ostentatious donkey? He is on the contrary, entirely destitute of pride, and his behavior is simple,

modest, and unaffected. He has none of the ascetic folly of the self-mortifying fakir who '*s'enfonce des clous au derrière pour avoir de la considération.*' He is not to be diverted from what he considers the path of duty by soft blandishments of speech, or by any lateral considerations, except of the most vigorous kind. Like certain individuals whose study is, 'How not to do it,' he has a marked aversion to the argument *à posteriori*. The donkey has the patience of Job, and meekness beyond comparison, although the world may leer at his unmelodious voice and falsely call his resolution obstinacy. To be engaged, however, in a perpetual 'brown study' is not, we must admit, a sure indication of superior attainments, any more than capillary licentiousness, for as Lucian sagely remarks:

'If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,  
Then PLATO must bow to a hairy he-goat.'

Have we not just alluded to the voice of the donkey — the up-raised voice we mean, not 'the still, small voice within?' It must be granted a less conscientious beast, or one less prone to silence, might find herein cause for humiliation. Combine in one tremendous discord the whoop of *pertussis*, the mid-night cries of jealous cats, the sucking of dry pumps, the letting off of pent-up steam, the screeching of ungreaed wagons, and the scream of smarting infants, and you will have a faint conception of the wheezy, spasmodic voice of the donkey. The harmony of sweet sounds, however, is not to be compared with the substantial qualities possessed by this animal. Beware, reader, not of 'the man who has no music in his soul,' but of the individual who makes fine speeches thereupon. Have not the most blood-thirsty tyrants been enamored of fiddle-bows, and did not Lorenzo himself, after discoursing so pleasantly upon stratagems and spoils, steal the soul of Jessica with many false vows of faith, ay, and run away with her without notifying the wealthy Jew thereof? Yet the bray of the donkey, like the voice of the turtle-dove, is not in vain. We have often been startled and delighted by it in the solitudes of Eastern Europe and in Asia, having, like another traveller, learned from experience, that where donkeys exist, men are sure to be found — as well as the fact, that where men exist, donkeys will be found in spite of themselves!

It may be asserted that a donkey of good constitution, and under not more than ordinary persecution, does not usually win the palm of martyrdom much before the age of thirty years. His end, however, seems almost as obscure as the end of *Cædipus*. What, then, becomes of superannuated donkeys? Can it be supposed that they die? We must here quote the language of a gentleman who has, unintentionally, without doubt, anticipated our thoughts. We imagine that 'they do not become dead, cold, moist, unpleasant bodies — that, like the husband of Aurora, that ill-starred victim of an oversight, they fade away gradually and slowly, and almost imperceptibly, till at their appointed moment they cease to exist, blending with unsubstantial air, hastening to

be resolved into the elements, vanishing like a morning dream, leaving not a wreck behind.'

But this unexpected bray of the donkey, the enumeration of his shining qualities, and the theory of his earthly dissolution — a disenchantment not always affected by roses — have diverted our remarks from the connection between donkeys and literature, especially the poetical branch thereof. And here we must, in justice to ourselves, say that we have not the least sympathy with such sentimentalists as Sterne, who, as some one has intimated, preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving the wants of a living mother. We are in search of the tender humanities; and first comes to our aid the tearful Coleridge.

Did any one, having but little command over his lachrymals, ever venture to read the ode to the dejected offspring of a tethered donkey, without having first retired to the privacy of his apartment, turned the key and taken out a plentiful supply of dry linen? We think we see the author of *Christabel* laying one hand gently on the drooping head of the silent ass, and with the other extending to his mouth a piece of bread, while at the same time he inquires after the cause of the profound melancholy so unusual in the period of juvenility. Alas! poet, thou wast mistaken. Thou didst err after the manner of poets who, like lovers, see every thing in *couleur de rose* — even pigs. It was neither apprehension for the future, filial pain, nor want of farinaceous food that caused this depression of spirits in thy friend, but a desire for lacteal nutriment. Instead of inviting the innocent foal to a musical dell, where Laughter tickled the ribless sides of Plenty, why didst thou not rather unloose the mother, and permit both of them to act according to their superior judgment?

Some one has said: 'Let me compose the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws.' For our part, we should prefer to make the laws, there being usually some pecuniary compensation therefor, which cannot be said of poetry in general, or, we fear in particular, save that done for our Magazine. But the minstrel's words drop into the heart like bullets; and long-ears has found a minstrel:

'If I had a donkey what would'n't go,  
Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh! no! no!  
I'd give him some hay, and I'd cry gee! woh!  
With a 'Kimp up NEDDY!'

Could there be any thing simpler, more direct, and out-spoken than this? Ah! here is true humanity! The possibility of a poet being the fortunate possessor of a donkey, is clearly admitted, while, however, the satisfaction of individual ownership is greatly diminished by the immovable nature of the property. Mark with what a gush of feeling he protests against the energetic course usually adopted in such an emergency, and lays down a plan of treatment original in itself, and more congenial to animal nature. In place of 'glittering generalities of speech,' he proposes to begin with a supply of appropriate food, to be followed by kind words adapted to the comprehension of a donkey.

It was reserved, however, for Wordsworth to sound the depths of asinine being. Of all singing men, he seems to have had the clearest conception of the moral dignity of the donkey, and the greatest familiarity with his language. Is it therefore remarkable that the prologue to *Peter Bell* bears about the same proportion to the tale itself as the corpus of a full-grown donkey to the tail thereof? And is it not satisfactory to learn from the dedication, that the production of this poem did not require the intervention of supernatural agency?

In a little boat shaped like the crescent moon, we rise through the clouds and go up among the stars, taking Taurus by the horns, and stirring up the Crab and the Scorpion. Descents are traditionally easy. We alight upon a spot of green grass, and have only to turn around to espy a solitary donkey, seemingly about to imbibe from the silent stream. It should here be stated parenthetically, that this animal does not put his nose in the water when he drinks, through fear of the shadow of his ears, or hold his head low, on account of the great size of his auricular and labial appendages, thus bringing the *sensorium* and the centre of gravity nearly together. Nor can this be attributed entirely to humility, any more than the fact that the fowl never takes even a drop of water without reverently raising its eyes to heaven. In reply to the ready heels of Peter Bell, the ass

‘WITH motion dull  
Upon the pivot of his skull,  
Turns round his long left ear,’

drops upon his knees, and with a reproachful look from his hazel eye, gives three successive groans, one of which ‘goes before another.’ Peter falls in a fit, and the ass, notwithstanding a severe contusion upon his head, rises. But how does he rise? We will answer, we will tell you:

‘— LIKE a tempest-shattered bark,  
That o’erwhelmed and prostrate lies,  
And in a moment to the verge  
Is lifted of the foaming surge.’

Could any thing be more majestic? And then, O compassion! he licks with his tongue the hands which had just licked him with a new peeled sapling. But the final meeting of the orphan boy and the long-absent ass! We have been accustomed to regard Sancho Panza’s recovery of his purloined Dapple as affecting in the extreme. With what caresses he greeted him: ‘How hast thou done, my dearest donkey; delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?’ Was there ever any thing more tender than Titania’s treatment of Bottom, when ‘she blessed his fair large ears,’ called him her ‘gentle joy,’ and rounded his hairy temple with a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers? Yes, the orphan boy surpasses even that:

‘TOWARD the gentle ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he clings;  
In loving words he talks to him,  
He kisses, kisses face and limb —  
He kisses him a thousand times!’

## Y E T A I L Y O R - M A N .

## A CONTEMPLATIVE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

## I.

RIGHT jollie is ye tailor-man,  
As annie man may be;  
And all ye daye upon ye benche  
He worketh merrilie.

## II.

And oft ye while in pleasante wise  
He coileth up his limbes,  
He singeth songes ye like whereof  
Are not in WATTS his hymns.

## III.

And yet he toileth all ye while  
His merrie catches rolle;  
As true unto ye needle as  
Ye needle to ye pole.

## IV.

What cares ye valiant tailor-man  
For all ye cowarde feares?  
Against ye scissors of ye Fates  
He pointes his mightie sheares.

## V.

He heedeth not ye anciente jests  
That witlesse sinners use:  
What feareth ye bolde tailor-man  
Ye hissing of a goose?

## VI.

He pulleth at ye busie thread,  
To feede his lovinge wife  
And eke his childe; for unto them  
It is ye threde of life.

## VII.

He cutteth well ye riche man's coate,  
And with unseemlie pride  
He sees ye little waistcoate in  
Ye cabbage bye his side.

## VIII.

Meanwhile ye tailor-man his wife,  
♦ To labor nothinge loth,  
Sits bye with readie hands to baste  
Ye urchin and ye cloth.

## IX.

Full happie is ye taylor-man,  
 Yet is he often tryed,  
 Lest he from fulnesse of ye dimes,  
 Waxe wanton in his pride.

## X.

Full happie is ye taylor-man,  
 And yet he hath a foe,  
 A cunnigne enemy that none  
 So well as taylors knowe.

## XI.

It is ye slipperie customer  
 Who goes his wicked wayes,  
 And weares ye honeste taylor's coate,  
 But never, never payes!

## THE WEDDING GARMENT.

IN the great, rich city of New-York, another day had counted away its hours and minutes and seconds, of joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure, gain or loss, and, equally measured in time, its tide of fortune had ebbed and flowed through the many currents of crowded life for another day. From the costliest clock of the marble mantle, through all the varieties of mechanism, to the very cheapest which can be manufactured for the poorest dwelling, it was after all only the same time to which the various and varying hands had pitilessly pointed, as passing and now passed away — for the day was gone; but how different the allotted tide which had mercifully, mercilessly swept to and from the sea of life, giving and taking, bringing home and carrying away, embarking and stranding, enriching and impoverishing, saving and losing, blessing and blighting its mortal burden of beating pulses which differently rejoiced or lamented that its mighty influence was also passing, and now passed away, for the day was gone, gone with its measured time and its measureless tide, gone with its hours and minutes and seconds, its thoughts and words and deeds, to be strictly and straitly registered in that place where both the time and the tide entering become eternity, and where the mortal life of a single day shall be immortal.

The sun had set over the city which, light with gayety and bright with art, seemed little to regard the departing splendor of nature's glorious luminary. Here and there might have been eyes that looked up to the evening sky, just as there are hearts that



turn toward heaven, but usually the city did not care if it were day or night.

Gas and glare and glitter and gold needed not the sunlight. Only in some places where these were not, would there be darkness in the city's night; and none in light can tell how dark that darkness; none but God can see how such are watching through night for the morning. And the sun had set over the city.

From a broken and patched window in a small and miserable apartment, in the highest part of an old dilapidated building, which had stood the shocks of time and ruin until at last it could show no deeper marks of further injury; like some wayside pauper we may have seen, to whom the familiar spirit of his poverty and misery seem at last to spare from any more excess of devastation, and stays the wrinkles and the falling locks and the failing steps as if repenting of the evil work, but in mockery of mercy, is arresting further downfall only to retain the degraded station; from this broken window which looked, thank God! into the sky, was leaning as far as was admitted by its miserable structure, or rather superstructure, deformed by various modes of mending economically with the half of an old shutter, and unclosing to admit the blessed breath of heaven only by a few panes broken and patched, through which the eye of poverty, otherwise clouded, sought the free light—was leaning thus in the perfect abandonment of natural pleasure, the figure of a young girl.

Beautiful picture for such a frame! Leaning eagerly with the long-drawn breathing of intense enjoyment, with eyes uplifted and arms slightly raised, as if she were springing to a better fate. Bathed in the crimson glow of the evening sky, her pale cheek, pink and fresh in its reflected ray, thus as she leaned who would not have sought to help and bless her, to take her from the embrasure of that shattered window, even like a rare picture from some decaying frame, and rescue her from the pressure of a poverty, whose worst imprisoning is that it cannot even guard its prisoners?

Oh! there are men who are banded together in this very city to save life from destruction, who scale trembling walls, and do deeds of daring worthy of heroes, who, if this window with its precious inclosure had appeared high above them in all the peril of a burning building, would have risked life and limb to save the beautiful being who, by the common tie of humanity, might claim their common brotherhood; there would have been a ladder and a rescue, and when all the clocks of the city struck for the sun set and the day gone, there would have been a deed done which even the angels might desire to do.

But there was no ladder and no rescue, and as the clocks together and apart gave out the common notice of the common time, the young girl counted them in their different tones as they floated up from different parts of the city; and remembering her yet unfinished work which she had laid aside for this simple pleasure, she withdrew, hastily closing the window, feeling that she had wasted

too much time in this little respite. The air outside had been chilly to her not warmly-clad form, but the room within was more chilly to her warmly-beating heart, and she shivered over the few coals as she collected them together to warm the little fingers which must again resume their tedious employment of sewing. For she was one of that class who, mostly needed, are yet least cared for, whose work brings the highest price, yet not to themselves, who labor for others and are not maintained, who, if they were by any possibility to stop sewing to-morrow, would cause an inconvenience in fashionable society, disturbing their amusements and interfering by the need of needful stitches, with their last delicate charity of a calico ball.

And our little seamstress, who dwells with her mother, in our story, was young and beautiful and good and poor. Young, she was just sixteen, the season of maiden pride and pleasure; beautiful, the perfect features and graceful form would have adorned the stateliest mansion; dark blue eyes looked full into every face with the trusting love of a pure heart which feared no evil because it knew none, while a peculiar softness from the dark lashes of the drooping lid shaded the face with an expression not of sadness, but tenderness. Added to this there was a shadow surrounding the whole figure from the heavy tresses of her hair which, still worn in childish fashion, hung loose and free around her, swaying with every motion, in every shade of the changing light, and adding to her poor attire its beautiful clothing of nature which no fabric of art can ever equal.

And she was also good and poor, not that they necessarily go together, or mean the same thing, for poverty sometimes makes suffering and selfishness, and, it is dreadful to think, many times, crime. But then again many times, many times, its frail shelter has driven the perishing soul to a surer refuge; and as to this poor garret ascending, each weary footstep treads farther and farther from the dust of earth, so may its inmates look out nearer and nearer to the sky.

A bed and a table, and a couple of odd broken chairs, was all the furniture the room contained, while a small carpet-bag and an open wooden box held all the wardrobe its possessors had saved from the wreck of former plenty. Gay shawl and colored gown, piece after piece, had been parted with for the suits of mourning which both were wearing, grateful to have obtained them by any sacrifice of under-valuation in the exchange.

If you had opened the leaves of a Bible which rested on a ledge beside the bed, you might have read the dates and the names of these sad acts and actors in life's real drama; the time when in the village of——, more than a hundred miles away, this book of God had been given to *Reuben Ray* and *Mary his wife* on their wedding day. There was recorded the birth of their child, who, in respect to an old-established custom in a family whose respectability seemed to exact such tribute regardless of taste, to call the first-born by the father's name, was christened *Rubena*.

This was it written by her father's hand, but the lips of affection which alters every sound, had ever called her *Ruby*, and if you had asked her name, she would have told you it was *Ruby Ray*.

Resuming her task with a sigh, which however quickly changed into the low murmuring of a song; and as you may have seen the light and shadow chase each other over some rippling stream, so the weariness of her work and the natural lightness of her heart mingled curiously together, flitting across her fair face, now with a frown and quick impatient stitching, and now with a smile of satisfaction, and a slower-moving needle as she reviewed her nearly-completed labor. Pleasant thoughts seemed mostly in her mind: of the last stitch to which she was fast arriving; of the price of all those stitches which she would then receive; of how it would help her poor mother—her mother who was all the world to her—how much comfort it would purchase for them in their poor way.

She counted it all up: four—six shillings it would be, embroidery and all. A great sum it seemed to her, and as she threaded her needle and worked another flower, she was very happy.

By degrees as the work dulled and the light dimmed in the closing day, her hands rested idly upon the costly material, and she was lost in a pleasant reverie of romance connected with it; for it was a wedding garment, and the bride was very rich, or it would not be so heavily embroidered, and of course she dwelt in a luxurious home, more grand than she could imagine; and to her thought, must be young and beautiful, and happy and blest, as she could hardly understand.

Then by a sudden transition her reverie changed. A single crooked stitch had linked the chain of memory to a long left corner in the little school-room of her childhood's home; where for just such a crooked stitch, she had been doomed one long summer hour to sit while her companions played.

She could hear their merry voices still echoing in her ear, gradually growing softer and stiller until at last it was a dream, for she slept. The twilight with its soothing influence had gathered very gently and slowly around her, her eyes had closed unconsciously in the dimness, while her mind was wandering yet amid its tireless fancies—no wonder that she dreamed.

Travelling back to that well-known scene, again the home of her earlier years was around her; but still mixed with and belonging to the present, she was sewing her childish task on the old remembered bench; but incomprehensibly it was still this wedding garment which she was decorating for this stranger bride.

Presently, as in the usual bewilderment of dreams, the threads of her work became all entangled and lost, at the same time an over-excited value of their loss possessed her; and she searching eagerly to recover them, as if they could bind her to some unknown treasure, was led on and on in the labyrinth of her dream, through the dark dingy chambers and crooked, creaking stairs of

her present habitation, through the crowded alleys and streets of the city, where she always trembled so; over a bridge which was very hard to cross, the feet all the time slipping back, until at last, God bless the dreamer! she was again in her own old home. Mother and child, they were again at the little garden-gate; and coming to meet them from the open door of the humble but happy roof, was a form; ah! a form, well-known and well-beloved, well-mourned and well-remembered, never to be forgotten, but never to be met, never to be seen again, except in dreaming, until the long tedious travelling of their journey of life ended, this mother and child shall stand at last at the gate of heaven, and this father's form shall meet them as they come home there, and it shall not be a dream.

But she was dreaming now, and who would have waked her! The flowers of her embroidering had shifted and showered upon her the blossoms of her birth-place, and she was enjoying to the uttermost the birth-right of even the portionless, which is never parted with — which is, to dream.

But even in dreams we may not linger long with flowers; and so from the well-loved garden, where she longed to stay, this cruel thread again impelled her to recover its sad unwindings; and mixed as it was with wedding music in her mind, it was a natural twisting and turning it should take to lead her following in a village train, which were gayly pressing on to the little church from which the marriage bells were ringing out their merriest peal. Following with the rest, she had forgotten herself and her earnest search in the noisy mirth around her, when suddenly the tangled threads, like some opposing destiny, surrounded and seemed to envelop her completely, as might some huge cobweb floating in the air; slightly but firmly withholding and withdrawing her from the gathering crowd, and leading her as if of her own accord and yet against her will through the entrance, not of the church, but the church tower. Floating upward, bound by these mysterious threads, past the rafters of the roof, and the ringing bell, she was borne on; looking back at the altar and the bride and the blessing and the human happiness which was gathered there, she would fain have returned; gazing back, as if from dying, the saddest yearning for human sympathy oppressed her: but she was hurried on; now past the cross on the highest tower, she could see no more below it; and knowing she could not return, she clasped her hands in submission, and a strange knowledge seemed to come to her that the wedding garment was for her, and that the marriage-feast was in heaven.

Suddenly with a start she awoke. It was the entrance of her mother at the rattling broken door which had aroused her, and never did she wake to welcome more tenderly her only earthly friend. Arising in haste to receive her, she kissed her with an emotion unusual and undefined, and taking from her hands the few articles which had been purchased for their scanty meal, she placed them on the table which needed not much arranging for their poverty.

stricken use. Smiling brightly as she unwrapped from its coarse greasy paper the single tallow candle which their little means had held out to pay for, she exclaimed as gayly her delight, as perhaps some other maiden far up the city in her home of wealth might have been doing at that same moment, over some golden gift or bauble, while the lights of chandeliers were flashing and wasting around her unappreciated.

But it is one blessed thing, that neither light nor darkness can alter the shades of human love; and the kiss which repaid the giver in the lighted mansion, could be no better than this mother's brow received in this dark garret, in return for her thoughtful care of this hard-earned light; and the lips which imprinted it, could be no truer and no redder than the lips of Ruby Ray.

'Dear mother, how kind you were to think of a candle, that I may finish my work; we could not have done without a light, to-night. May I light it at once?'

'I would rather you would wait a little while, Ruby darling, for we must not waste our comfort; so sit beside me here, and while I warm my feet, which are very cold, I will tell you of what I have been thinking in my long walk.'

Selecting from their small supply of wood in the corner, a couple of sticks, Ruby placed it on the fire, and seating herself on the hearth, to enjoy nearer its kindly blaze at the feet of her mother, she sat listening for the expected words.

But her mother spoke not. Tired and weary, it seemed as if she had not strength to tell the heavy thoughts, which seemed to have sunk into the depths of her soul, like heavy stones sunk deep. While she had been walking it had been different. She had looked at them, and placed them one before the other, in regular fashion; and they rose like stepping-stones, friendly to her, and promised her a sure enough footing across the stream of her present perplexity. But now, she was very weak, and the waters of her grief rolled deep and dark, and the thoughts were buried under their heavy pressure, and she could not raise them up — could not touch them — could not speak.

'It is no use, my child, to wait about your work; I cannot talk now; and perhaps it is better so. So light the candle, darling, if you like.'

There was so much sadness in her mother's voice, that it almost spoiled the pleasure Ruby was surely going to take in lighting that tallow candle. But she lighted it, and fixed it nicely in an old tin candle-stick, and while she washed and wiped the grease from her neat little fingers, whose shape and whiteness were unrivalled, except for the constant pricking of her needle, she asked her mother, if it were not beautiful — that tallow candle?

'And now you shall have some supper, mother; a cup of tea will make you strong; and then you can talk while I sew.' And stirring the fire, and bustling about the little room with the preparation for their meagre repast, she made the place light and

happy, not with the tallow candle, but with her own loving and lovely presence.

She was singing, too, as she moved about, the verses of some old song :

‘I shall be gay, I shall be gay,  
The clouds from to-day shall pass;  
The humblest flower it has its dower,  
And the sun smiles on the grass.’

And here it may not be amiss to go into some little detail of the two who fill this little chamber to overflowing, with so much light and shadow, so much joy and pain. Less than a year ago, the little cottage, whose gate we have seen in Ruby’s dream, had covered those now desolate ones, with the blessing of love and protection, and a happy home.

As the school-master of the little village, Ray enjoyed the superior position, which was there as elsewhere accorded by contrast with those below him in learning and ability. But while he might be content with being the first among these simple and kind-hearted people, he was not willing to forego the pleasures of more cultivated society, with all the advancement which he might command in such an enlarged sphere. So he left his little cottage, to which only a dream, like a withered leaf, now clings, and actually started — as many have and will again — to the great city of New-York. There, in its great Bazaar, might he find some little nook, where he might sell the weavings of his brain. And such a place seemed to open to him in an engagement, which he readily entered into, with some one, it does not matter which, of the various literary publications which, to supply the public mind, generally sweep the brain of their busy workmen, until not even so much as a cobweb remains.

His plan had succeeded, and hope smiled upon him. To be sure, they were in very poor lodgings, and they all pined for the country air; but yet the months went by, and the promise of his life was fair before him as a rainbow in the sky. But ah! it was in the sky — the bright colors might never touch the earth. The hectic glow which had marked his cheek, had failed to tell how deep the fire had spread below. The energy which had made him attempt and do what others with equal courage would have never dared, was the very spirit that had lured him to his ruin; the strength which it had required to follow his strong will, had been the very power which had burned away the great machinery. And one sad evening, he lay down, faint and sick; and one week after — sadder still — he died.

It is a sad, sad story, but it is happening every day — and that only makes it sadder.

‘What was to become of wife and child now?’ The question naturally arises in the story, and it naturally also arose to the lips of the people where they had boarded until this time.

There was no money when he died. The last proceeds of his work had been paid away, and no more was due. By the sale of



his watch and books, which were parted from with many a longing look and lingering kiss of affection, the means were obtained sufficient to pay for the present necessary expenses: for the narrow apartments to which he had come only to die, and for that narrower one which none might share.

Gladly would she, Mary, his wife, have shared his peaceful rest, for he died in faith; but there was a chord within her heart which must live on, their child, and so she lived on; he had told her to be brave, and so she would be brave.

And she was brave. It seemed almost as if his courage rested upon her, covering her with its blessing, for she never faltered, and when the time came, and it came very soon, to leave the place she could afford no longer, she took her little girl by the hand and wandered out, she knew not where; she did not seem to be following any guidance, but she was as surely as the sailor, who by the faithful needle steers for home.

Through two or three gradations of cheap and cheaper boarding, she had descended, or rather ascended, at last to this place, where, seated as we have seen by the fire, which could never warm the cold and comfortless chamber, she felt as if she had reached the height of her despair, and her heart seemed breaking in her bosom, as she watched the child around whom every nerve and fibre of her soul was wrapped, and for whom she could be able to put forth any strength which human nature may ever command.

‘I shall be gay, I shall be gay,  
Oh! tell me not of sorrow;  
The flower that does not bloom to-day,  
Will be sure to bloom to-morrow.’

So sang on the happy voice, and many more verses likewise, the chief merit of which consisted in the oft-repeated

‘I shall be gay, I shall be gay.’

Flitting around like some gay bird, at the same time, she had prepared the tea and arranged their evening repast. Pausing now to see that no comfort remained undone, she caught her mother’s eye, in its sad gaze fixed upon her; and bounding across the room, she was instantly beside her. Again and again she kissed the pale, sweet face, embracing her with the tenderest embraces.

‘Dear, dear mother, be happy for me, for my sake; don’t look so sad; see, we are very happy.’

But while she spoke her voice faltered, and by the mysterious sympathy which we all know but do not understand, she felt her breast swelling with the emotion of her mother’s troubled heart, and the tears raining over her cheeks, like a sudden shower in summer from some over-hanging cloud. She wiped them hastily away, and continuing her cheering and loving words, she succeeded in her effort of soothing her mother with her gentle care, and they made their evening meal together, almost cheerfully in the end.

When it was over, and another stick of wood added to the fire,

Ruby said it was so very pleasant, that indeed it looked like Christmas; but seeing her mother look sadder at that happy word, she tried to talk of something else; but there was scarcely any thing she could speak of, that did not bring a painful shadow across the beloved countenance; and so she contented herself with talking about her work, and after showing with pride the skill and neatness of all that she had so far done, and asking for advice concerning the leaves of certain flowers in the pattern before her, she seated herself near to the precious candle, whose red glare required all her young eyes' strength, and resumed her employment, which she had calculated would be at an end in one more hour's steady work.

Talking on gayly all the time, while her needle glanced bright and swift in its progress, of how it would soon be finished now, she stopped to replenish the worked-out thread, but she could no where find it; shaking her work and looking carefully all around in vain, was soon accomplished, but it could not be found; and then she thought of her dream, and then she sighed and tried to forget it.

The thread must have fallen into the fire, and she blamed herself for her carelessness, and then timidly for fear of troubling her mother by the question, she asked how she could be able to get any more?

A moment's thought will suffice to show how that the losing of this little skein of thread was no trifle. First, there was no money; the last remaining pence had been spent in their supply of food; then it was Saturday night, the next day Sunday, nothing could be done to remedy the evil, and early on Monday morning the work must be returned by a certain hour completed, or forfeit the price expected.

The poor little heart, which had kept up so bravely during her mother's grief, could struggle now no longer; the memory of her dream oppressed her, and sinking, like some bright bird whose wing the fowler's shot has at last reached, she fell upon her mother's bosom, weeping bitterly.

And now did the comforters change places. It was her mother who was cheerful now, consoling her for what she could not help, and contriving a plan which might relieve their loss. Glancing at her wedding-ring, which she had often sadly thought would serve her in some last emergency, she contrived her plan.

Accompanied by Ruby, and lighted by the candle, which, flaring and melting in the rush of air outside, threatened constant extinguishing, she sought in the house below a sort of shop, where many articles were displayed for pawn or sale. But there was no thread there. It must be fine French thread, and nothing fine or French was there, and she knew was not likely to be any where near.

Disappointed, they turned to leave the shop, when a stooping figure in the door-way barred their exit. He appeared to be scrambling after something on the floor, and at last, clutching it with the expression of a shocking oath, he rose and stood before them — a man of hideous aspect; and the thing that he was clutch-

ing so wickedly, was the long bright golden tresses of some gathered human hair. It made one sick to see his dirty fingers twining through its profuse and flowing beauty; and much more did the blood run cold of our poor defenceless women, when, as they sought to hurry past, he tried to stop them, informing them, in some half-foreign, half-English language, that he bought hair, long, long hair, and would give a great deal of money for Ruby's dark brown curls, attempting as he spoke to touch them, as she shrunk away. Terrified and disgusted with his free impertinence, they succeeded in passing him, and with all the speed possible through the dark uncertain way, they at last reached again their own apartment. The candle had fallen in their flight, and but for the glow of the expiring embers, they would have been in total darkness. Fastening the door as securely as it admitted, with many a sigh and sob, but with earnest pleading prayer, they sank at last to sleep; and as the soft curls rested all night long on the mother's aching bosom, it seemed to her that a shadow at the door, as of a strong man armed, protected their feeble fastening.

And they slept; and all night long the sweet delusion lasted, if it were one, that it were their loved one's mission, from the court of heaven, to be their guardian angel.

—  
'Rest, weary spirit,  
'T is the Sabbath day!  
Toil and work and care  
Put far away.  
And as the bells are ringing  
From the church towers,  
Thou from thy heart be singing  
Through holy hours.

'Rest, weary spirit!  
Whatsoe'er thy grief,  
Rest from thy weary effort  
To find relief.  
Then He who is the LORD  
Even of the Sabbath day,  
Will in His gentle mercy  
Put thy care away.'

By a strange accident, or a happy arrangement, the largest and richest church in New-York, stands at the head of Wall-street, bearing in its name the mystery of the ever-blessed TRINITY, which we forever worship and glorify; raising the holy cross of CHRIST on its highest summit into the sky, it stands at the head of all that rushing vortex of moneyed misery, like some light-house on a dangerous shore, like a preacher to the passing perishing people, telling them of a better treasure, far away, and warning them in its solemn chime, as if the mighty words had fallen upon them—the words which were the trumpet-note of Loyola, with which he, in an age gone by, startled and stirred such another earth-contented crowd with the most powerful conviction and conversion—only repeating from ear to ear as the church bells chime and chime:

‘What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’

Yes, it stands as a church should stand, with open door, and daily prayer, and free entrance, for even the pauper’s feet. Weaning from earth with its gathered-in graves, where the sleepers rest so still and so secure, and winning for heaven with its gathering-in souls, where the weary and the heavy-laden may receive the promised peace.

Among those over whom the benediction of the closing services had this day fallen, were our two poor wanderers; and surely it will rest upon them as they turn away and retrace their patient steps to the place of poverty, which was all the world was giving them for their part of its great heritage.

All? was this all?

The world, with its great gifts of mines and minds, of lands and seas, burdened with treasures, of thrones and crowns, tottering with the weight of pride and place, of government and people, to whom these two belong, brave and free, with power and plenty, blessing and blessed with institutions for justice and churches for charity — was this all the world could give these two?

Hope better!

The Sabbath passed away in peace. ‘We will not think, to-day, my child.’ And the mother and daughter rested upon the Sabbath day, and kept it holy, according to the commandment.

No wonder that an angel walked beside them, according to the promise.

With the earliest dawning of the following day, which seemed to point them only to perplexity, the mother arose, and hastily arranging her poor attire, prepared to leave her sleeping daughter to the repose which still so kindly clung to her.

She could go and return, she thought, before she waked, and procure the thread which had caused them so much trouble; and so no time would be lost in completing the garment, which a fatal moment too late might render of so much evil consequence to them. She had descended to the lowest step, and was hurrying to leave the impure atmosphere for the street, where at least a little freshness dropped with the light from the sky, when she was accosted by the same revolting figure, who had alarmed them so on Saturday night, with the same announcement as before: that he bought hair — long, long hair — and would give much money for Ruby’s dark brown curls.

As if he had struck her a sudden blow, the poor mother staggered back, for she was weak and nervous; and instantly, from the impulse which comes stronger in times of greatest weakness, as if to refill and replace the mind’s action, she turned and re-ascended the old crazy, tottering stairs, back to her heart’s treasure; a fear of she knew not what possessed her, and she could not leave her there — she must take her with her.

O mother’s heart! what makes it beat so? Made sacred, it can never faint nor fail.

The opening of the door again, awakened Ruby, and the gay 'good morning' of her happy voice was so cheerful in its sound, that her mother, stooping to kiss her, only told her to make haste and come with her to buy the thread.

At that word, Ruby's trouble seemed to awake, and her dream seemed almost leading her as she followed her mother through the windings of that wretched place, to the no less wretched street, where, after a walk of many squares, they at last procured, and returned with the desired purchase.

As they reëntered the door, and again climbed to their retreat, never had it seemed to them half so wretched as now in the early morning, which they knew was so fresh and beautiful in so many places over the world, and which so dark and dreary here, was all the worse by contrast.

Dirty children were clamoring for something to eat, and dirty women quarrelling for their morning fare, and in one dreadful room which they had to pass, the door wide open, revealed sights sickening even to the strongest mind.

Poor little trembling Ruby — poor, poor mother — clinging together closer than ever, once more they were in their own room, which this time they greeted gratefully.

'Hasten, hasten, Ruby, with your work, and we will leave this place; there must be some more room for us in all the wide, wide world than this, my child. It is not right to stay here any longer; and we will go. God will lead us — we will not fear. Sew on fast, darling. I will fix the breakfast — you sew on.'

'O mother! it is dreadful, dreadful, but where shall we go?'

'Do not talk, my child; do not ask me; God will lead us. I do not fear; sew fast, my darling, as fast as you can sew.'

And Ruby sewed on fast; and the mother made the fire and prepared the meal for which they had little appetite: Ruby regarding her mother's newly-aroused strength with surprise. She seemed borne on by some superior power, and so she was.

It was nearly mid-day when the last stitch was drawn and the wedding garment was done. If to the gentle wearer its tale of working could ever be unfolded, there would be less of human woe; but to her, this far-off stranger bride, in her pure happiness, it will be nothing but only a clean, white linen.

Rapidly Ruby had sewed, and rapidly they now walked with the finished work to the great depository from whence they had obtained it. They had tried to expect the misfortune which still they could not believe would happen to them; but alas! alas! it was even so. They were too late, and had lost the price. With a civility which many times disgraces higher departments when cruelty is measured out for justice, they were told that rules must be adopted and carried out for the maintenance of good order and to prevent disappointment to customers; that the rules of the establishment were imperative, and could not be disregarded, and that they might see for themselves how much trouble it would give to customers if they were broken through.

They tried, but they could not see; but it did not matter

whether they saw or not; and with a choking in the throat which prevented any words being spoken even to each other, they left the wedding garment whose threads had surely, as in the dream, entangled and misled them, and following its further effect they wound their weary way back to their desolate starting-point, from which since early dawn so much vain effort had been put forth.

Ruby seated herself by the window again lost in grief; but her mother — she could not comprehend her mother's calmness.

'What shall we do, mother?'

'We will go, my child.'

'Where, mother?'

'God will lead us, darling. I do not fear.'

The calmness of the words was wonderful — so firm and strong; and all the while she was packing up quickly but carefully their few articles in the little carpet-bag, and then spreading the remaining fragments of food upon the table for the last time, she begged Ruby to try and eat something, so that she might not be hungry again for that day.

As her pale thin hands glanced across the table in their kindly care Ruby noticed that her ring, her wedding ring, was gone.

'O mother, mother! your ring! O mother! it is too hard,' and the tears gushed in a sudden torrent over those pale thin hands, which were instantly caught and pressed to her lips in many a fervent kiss of devoted love.

'My child, do not regret it; it will take us from this place of evil; and it is all right; there, do not fret, darling, God will lead us. I do not fear.'

O weak woman! how strong the heart wears in the hour of need!

'Mother! mother!' said Ruby with a strength which seemed partly inherited and partly reflected from the bright example. 'One thing I ask you, mother darling, and do not refuse me, dear, dear mother, it will make me so much happier, and alone content me for my lost work. You will not, mother, refuse me — say you will not.'

And her mother knew what she meant without her saying it in words. It scarcely needed the accompanying gesture of the little hands raised to the rich tresses of her beautiful hair, which was truly the only treasure she could add to their almost empty purse. But oh! it was such a treasure, and the mother's pride rose up to forbid the costly sacrifice. But the earnest eloquence of the pleading voice and the tearful eyes raised to hers with such a look of beaming hope, were not to be resisted; beside, the thought came that in their wandering helplessness it might be better so; the uncommon beauty of Ruby's hair every where attracted great attention; and they so lone and unprotected, it was better to grant her wish, and so she granted it.

But it was the saddest sight of all to see the young head bowed before this iron poverty, and the mother's hand, trembling but faithful, severing tress after tress for a means of safety and defence through the difficulties and dangers which surrounded them.



It was done, and she raised her head with a laugh of pleasure to her mother's quivering face; and it was sad to see it so shorn; but it was a noble act which must surely bring its own reward; and already as she arose from her voluntary sacrifice, she was like some holy nun; and what she had lost of earth she had gained of heaven.

With hearts refreshed by these mutual deeds of generous love, our mother and child prepared immediately to depart. First kneeling together in the little old chamber, which none like them should ever more inhabit, they asked God's blessing on their wandering way.

As they knelt, the sun was in its meridian in the sky, and the trial of their faith and patience was at its highest measure in their souls.

It would decline now. It would never be so hard to bear again. And they went, peacefully, bearing in their hands their only earthly possessions, the Bible and the little carpet-bag; and quickly paying their rent below with Ruby's treasure, they sought once more the street; the street where Ruby always trembled so; but her mother walked serenely beside her.

'What shall we do? Where shall we go, mother?'

'I do not know my child; but God will lead us. I do not fear.'

And they go on.

And so God does lead them; but HE leads them to our hearts. And as they come, and they do come, and the question rises, 'What shall they do? where shall they go?' how dare we answer that 'God leads them,' and let them go on!

E. K. B.

#### T H E L I L A C - T R E E .

In the songful days of June,  
When the birds are all a-tune,  
And the honey-feast is coming for the humming-bird and bee,  
Of all the trees that grow,  
And with blossoms that do blow,  
The sweetest and the saddest is the lilac-tree.

For, though purple is the bloom  
That its crisping buds assume,  
Like the tint on far-off mountains beyond the pleasant sea,  
Yet the freshness but deceives,  
And amid the shady leaves  
There is ever a dead blossom on the lilac-tree.

And so it is with all,  
That in things both great and small  
Of our life a distant gleaming in our dreaming we may see;  
For when the heart is gladdest,  
Oh! there 's something in it saddest,  
Like the blossom and the blight upon the lilac-tree.

## THE LOST ARTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



A FEW years since, his Imperial Majesty, 'Brother to the Sun' and Emperor of all the Celestials, in the plenitude of his wisdom, saw fit to recall a governor from one of the southern provinces, and after the promulgation of a decree authorizing him to wear an additional peacock-feather in his cap as a reward for signal services, consigned him to private life, and appointed a successor. The new official was one of those eager reformers who desire to innovate some existing custom, and thus procure immortality for their names. He looked about for an appropriate field of action. The veteran pig-tail, the shaven poll, the uncut finger-nails, the golden

lilies — with none of these he dared interfere, lest he should confound the true faith with that of the *fankweis*. At length, with the aid of his private secretary, he concocted a proclamation, well calculated to excite commotion among the celestials. It had only its mathematical character to redeem it. The substance of the general missive was, that the people of the province should refrain in future from putting female infants to death, as, prospectively, this practice would amount to the virtual destruction of human beings. In due time, after learned mandarins had worried their brains unsuccessfully to correct the rash innovator, a complaint was forwarded to Peking, and the obnoxious governor was recalled.

Diligent investigation, we are convinced, will eventually produce a change in popular sentiment; and the profound idea of the shaven celestial must inevitably prevail in the world. The early traditions of mankind, especially of the Caucasian branch, decidedly lean toward the opinions which he, injudiciously anticipating the progress of civilization, sought to disseminate. Indeed, we think a mandarin would be horrified at some of the pictures which ancient mythology presents, as, for instance, Athenè, a goddess armed, and Artemis with her bow and hunting gear. Plato would astound him with the assurance that women used to participate in military exploits, and the axiom that 'all animated beings, females as well as males, have a natural ability to pursue in common every suitable virtue.' With the ancient Egyptians also, he would be surprised to learn that women were permitted to attend and deliver lectures upon Philosophy, to participate in husbandry and mechanical employments, and to take part in political affairs.

It is, indeed, difficult to define what views were most generally entertained respecting the feminine sphere. Women, *varium et mutabile semper*, exercised religious offices as the ministers at temples, interpreters of the oracles, and as prophetesses among the Hebrews. Deborah, the prophetess, for forty years 'judged Israel,' and went with the armies; Huldah was a king's counsellor; and in the times of the New Testament, the daughters of the evangelist Philip 'did prophesy;' Phebe was *diakonos*, or minister of the church at Cenchrea, and Priscilla 'taught the way of God.' The Germans, acknowledging a *quid divinum*, or godlike element in women, submitted to their counsels, and yielded to their assumption of vaticinatory power and of the art of healing. In short, they possessed importance in those 'good old times.' They even sat on thrones; and we presume that if they had consented to bear the mace, or to exercise police functions, many an Alcibiades would have accepted their escort to the watch-house or the prison.

Even in the Middle Ages, when refinement and civilization struggled a thousand years to conquer Gothic barbarism, there existed women capable of asserting the ancient prerogative. Victoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, Mary Aquazis, Jane d'Albret,

and the fair professors in the schools of Aleala and Salamanca, were eminent examples of intellectual greatness. But the progress of the age has annihilated their arts, and their memories almost; and as buffoon masquerades are left to commemorate ancient festivals, so the learned women of former times are now represented by the humble school-mistress.

Science alone, however, has not ceased to confer its distinctions upon notable women. There are 'Lost Arts' which need a chronicler to preserve them from oblivion. We do not refer to the arts spontaneous with the sex, the variable coqueties and other guises that they assume, but those old and venerable institutions formerly assigned to women, and symbolized by three implements, the needle, the distaff, and the loom. A generation only has to pass, and these will be almost, if not utterly, forgotten. Yet, in the ancient days, the ages which chroniclers but feebly reach, in the ages which mythology has veiled with her thick curtains, skill in handling those three instruments was made the glory of a woman.

Royal hands presided at the distaff. When Hercules bore off Iolé and slew her brother, the oracle at Delphi commanded that he should be sold as a slave, and he thus became the property of Omphalé, the Lydian queen. Taking to herself his leonine robe and club, she made him put on female apparel and spin with her maid-servants, playfully beating him with her slipper because he held the distaff awkwardly. Sardanapalus followed this example, and disgusted his people, who rebelled and overthrew the empire. The raiment of the Macedonian Alexander was spun and wrought by his mother; and that of Augustus by his sisters.

The three dread sisters born of Olympian Zeus and Titanian Themis, divided their task of fixing human destiny. Clotho was the spinster\* who held the distaff and formed the thread; Lachesis reeled it off and allotted to each mortal his portion; and Atropos severed at the appointed place.

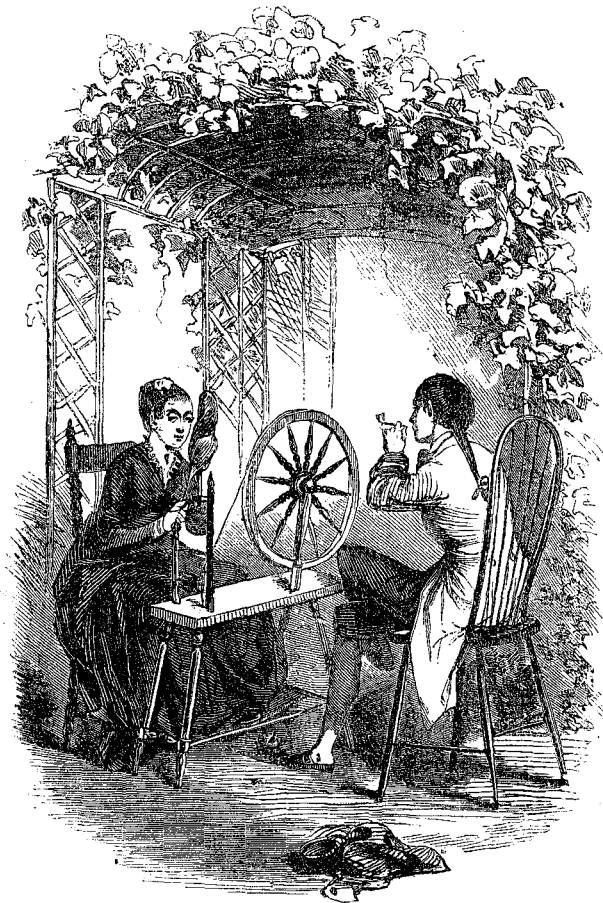
In the thirty-first of Proverbs, the mother of King Lemuel eulogizes a virtuous woman, or as we would express it, a woman of capacity, ascribing to her an industry which would startle the maids and matrons of our time. 'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth while it is yet night—her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.' To this implement a fascicle of flax or wool was attached, which being drawn carefully off by the hand, was, by aid of the spindle, converted into yarn or thread.

The addition of the wheel rendered the spinning process more easy and perfect. When human skill had advanced thus far, it would seem, in this particular, to have remained stationary for centuries. Our own memory goes back to the time when the flax-spinning-wheel was considered as a part of the bride's *trousseau*;

---

\* This term being the feminine of spinner, was of old applied to young women in that capacity. The custom of requiring every maid to spin the linen for her *trousseau* eventuated in making *spinster* the designation of an unmarried woman.

when each maid and matron labored in this department of industry ; and a mother and sister, with fingers well moistened, drew down



the fibres of hackled flax from the distaff, and propelling the wheel by the pressing of the foot upon the 'treadle,' wrought them into thread.

In those times, the swains, copying the example perhaps of Hercules, made visits not unfrequent to the farm-house, to woo the spinning-maids. Never did the fates spin more assiduously the weal of human destiny than on such occasions, when the blushing damsels wrought away with redoubled energy, propelling convulsively the little wheel with their tiny, or rather not so tiny feet, listening with attentive ears to the tales and pleasing speeches uttered so significantly in a soft, cooing tone, not always unattended by nudges and pinches, which, though not exactly in good taste, were very significant and perfectly understood. The



house-maid who was told that Barkis was willing, did not better understand the import of the message.

The large spinning-wheel was more laborious. It consisted of a bench or 'horse' considerably larger than that of the little flax-wheel. In it was inserted a standard on which to suspend the wheel, while at the front was another standard in which the spindle was fixed upon a little wheel. A band passing around both, communicated from the larger orb the force required to propel rapidly the smaller, and so twist properly the yarn. Instead of sitting as when at work with the little flax-wheel, the spinster walked forward and backward as she plied her task. As the spindle became so loaded as to preclude working easily, the 'reel' was produced, as in the other instances, and the thread or yarn was taken off, and apportioned into skeins. A 'run,' involving a *walk* of several miles, was considered a good day's work.

A very few of these monuments of the Past are still in existence; but the art of spinning, except by machinery propelled by steam or water power, is well nigh lost.

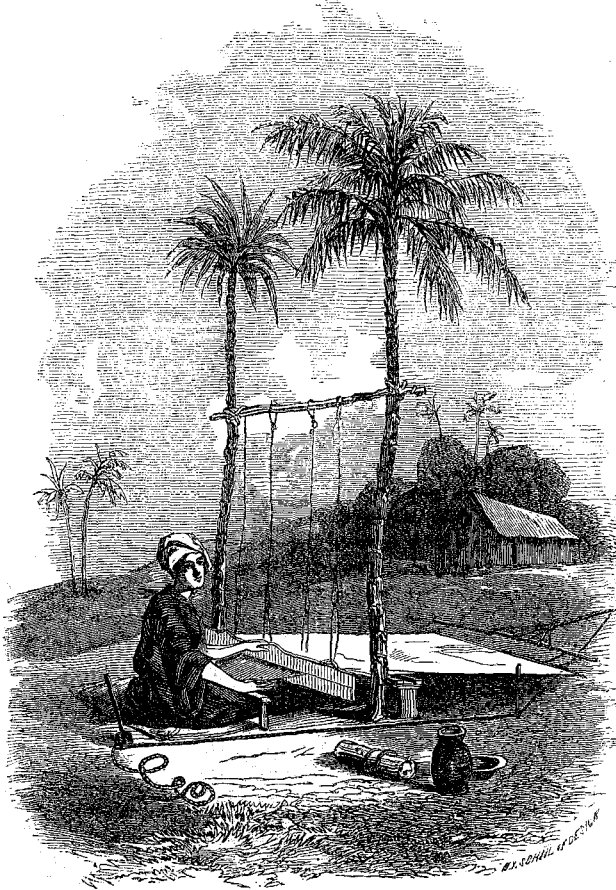
The art of weaving, intricate and ingenious as it is, possesses, nevertheless, an antiquity defying research. Captain James Riley, the African navigator, suggests that men first caught the idea from the bark of the cocoa-tree, which, indeed, greatly resembles cloth; but this is only an hypothesis, not capable of demonstration. It was ever considered, since history existed, as the avocation of the house-wife.\* Among the Bedouins, the loom is a very primitive structure, consisting of two rows of pegs stationed at a given distance from each other, to which the twist or 'warp' was attached. The threads are separated from each other by a wooden stick, each alternately being placed above or below; the weft or woof is either passed through by hand or by the aid of a rude shuttle, and then is beaten to the inner row of pegs by the stick. The repetition of this process till the whole warp is thus filled with woof-thread, results in producing *cloth*.

The shuttle and the loom were used in a remote antiquity in every country of any claim to civilization, and their general form in Egypt and Hindostan was not dissimilar to those employed in modern Europe and America. The ancients attributed to *Àthenè* their introduction into this world; and Horace assures us that she wove her own vestments and the robes of Juno, queen of the gods. Every Roman matron deemed her skill at the loom as her noblest accomplishment, and ancient story attributes the passion of the Tarquin for Lucretia to an inspiration given when she was surprised in this employment by the young Romans on the occasion of their night visit.

In the weaving process, the long threads are called warp, or twist; the cross-threads weft, woof, or filling. The warp is always attached to the loom, while the woof is contained in the shuttle.

\* THE term *wife* comes from the same root with *web*, *weft*, *weave*, *woof*, and the German *weben*, *weber*, etc., and came to be applied to the married woman, because she did the weaving for the family.

The first operation consists in laying the requisite number of threads together to form the width of the cloth. This is termed *warping*. Supposing there are to be one thousand threads in the width of a piece of cloth, the yarn as it is wound on the spools or bobbins, must be so unwound and laid out as to form one thousand lengths, which when placed parallel, constitute the warp of the intended

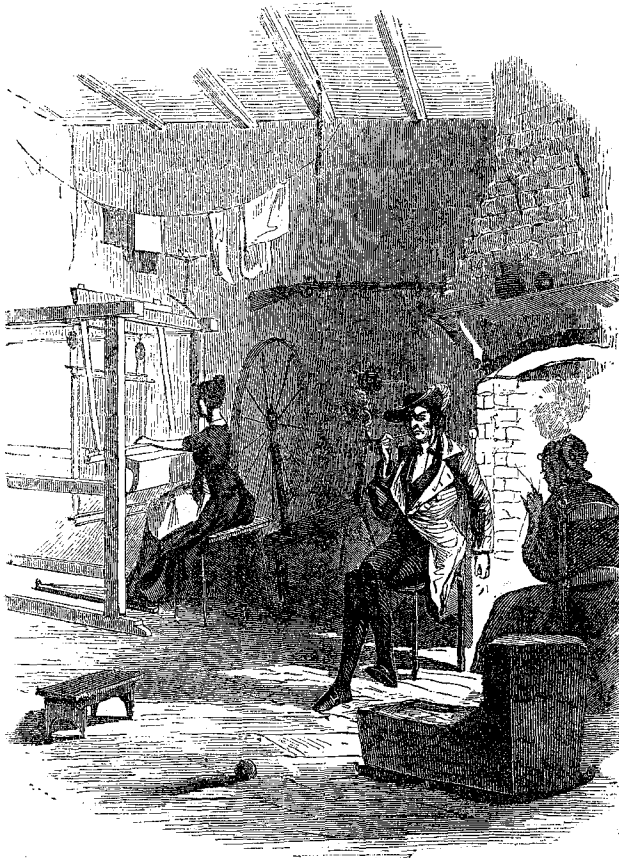


cloth. In India and China the old method is still pursued, of drawing out the warp from the bobbins in an open field ; but the occidental weavers employ a warping-frame, in which the threads are arranged by means of a frame revolving upon a vertical axis. When the warp is arranged around this machine, the warper takes it off, and winds it into a ball, preparatory to the process of beaming, or winding it on the beam or large roller of the loom. The threads, in this latter process, are wound evenly on the beam ; a ravel, comb, or separator being used to lay them parallel, and



to spread them out to about the intended width of the cloth. The threads of warp are then *drawn*, or attached individually to a stick, which is afterward fastened to another revolving beam of the loom. In this process, each thread is passed through a 'harness' fixed to two frames called *headles*, in such a manner, that all the alternate threads can be drawn up or down by one headle and the remainder by the other.

There is a seat for the weaver at the extreme end of the loom. The weaver being seated, places one foot upon a *treadle*, by which she depresses one of the headles above, thereby forming an opening in the warp, sufficient to admit the passage of the shuttle. This is hurled with force sufficient to carry it across the whole web, giving out a thread, which thus extends across, above and below, alternately, each thread of the web.



With the loom ever was associated the family picture. The mother, and, in England, the father, of an evening sat weaving,

and the companion and the little ones would group around, performing their usual tasks, or at some childish pastime, till, as the evening waned away, one after another would drop away, till the 'old folks at home' were left to finish the scene by themselves. The loom in the corner was always regarded as a Lar of the household, and its dislodgment would have been considered equivalent to the dismemberment of the family.

But this ancient period has passed forever away; the loom and its family associations have fled before modern inventions. The inexorable Progress, creating social revolution, has wrested them all away, nor minded what men thought of its innovations.

Formerly the mother and daughters wrought the clothing for the family. Where ease and wealth gave opportunity, the business of sewing was carried to great perfection. Embroidery was the employment of ladies of gentle blood; and the Bayeux tapestry will long remind posterity of the skill of Queen Adeliza. But in humbler circles, simple needle-work was all that was cultivated. The manufacture of fabrics and the demands of fashion increasing, the tailor and milliner — so called because she wrought *Milan* goods — were introduced to aid the house-wife; and for years they were wont to 'whip the cat,' that is, go from house to house, to render their sewing where required. The cities, and eventually the villages, were exceptions to this rule; and shops were there early established for these branches of industry. Sewing thus became the avocation of a large class of operatives, most of them females. It is easier and cheaper to obtain female labor, and necessity teaches woman to endure privations and impositions at which

the other sex would revolt.

It is seldom that a woman's wages more than supplies the commonest necessities of life — often not that. The 'Song of the Shirt,' which immortalized its author, is accordant strictly with fact. A certain class of dealers engaged in the clothing and millinery business, and perfectly unscrupulous, have contributed largely to increase the labor and to reduce the wages of sewing-women. Other dealers must sell as low as they, and of course



employ the same oppressive policy. The waste of health, of life, of happiness, of every thing precious to woman, is a sad picture to contemplate. It would require a Jeremiad scroll of indefinite length to depict properly and fully the painful diseases, the abridged life, ruined hopes, blasted prospects, and, worse than

all, the virtue sacrificed to enable poor sufferers to eke out their miserable existence. A laboring woman starves on virtue; a woman of pleasure grows rich and luxuriates in vice. We sometimes think of retribution, of an adjustment of the social scale, and tremble to think what may be impending. If women have the power to combine and improve their social condition, we have no obstacles to interpose; we only bid them God-speed.

In reference to needle-work, a revolution has indeed already been inaugurated by the introduction of the sewing-machine. We are able to state definite achievements in this respect, and, to give point to our remarks, refer to the deservedly popular machine of Wheeler and Wilson, which we some time since characterized as 'an *American Institution*.'

It combines all the essential qualities of a good instrument, namely, elegance of model and finish; simplicity and thoroughness of construction, and consequent durability and freedom from derangement, and need of repairs; ease, quietness, and rapidity of operation; beauty of stitch alike upon both sides of the fabric sewed; strength and firmness of seam that will not rip nor ravel, and made with economy of thread; and applicability to a variety of purposes and materials.

The stitch made by this machine is illustrated by the following diagram:



It is formed with two threads, one above the fabric, and the other below it, interlocked in the centre. It presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam — a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. The machine is mounted upon a small work-table, and driven by sandal pedals, pulley, and band. The operator seats herself before it; with a gentle pressure of the feet upon the pedals, the machine is touched into motion, the work being placed upon the cloth-plate and beneath the needle. The pretty array of silvered arms and wheels perform their regular music, interweaving the threads smoothly with the surface into a beautiful seam, which glides through the fingers at the rate of a yard a minute, as if the operator had conjured some magical influence to aid in the delightful occupation. The fabric is moved forward by the machine, and the length of the



stitch regulated to suit the operator. One thousand stitches per minute are readily made.

Baby-dresses and web-like *mouchoirs* are beaded with pearly stitches; a shirt-bosom covered with tiny plaits, exquisitely stitched, is completed almost while a lady could sew a needleful of thread; three dresses, heavy or fine, are made in less time than is required to fit one; coats, vests, and the entire catalogue of the wardrobe, are gone through with rail-road celerity. In hemming, seaming, quilting, gathering, felling, and all sorts of fancy stitching, it rivals the daintiest work of the whitest fingers, and works with more beauty and thoroughness than the most careful housewife. It only requires a drop of oil now and then, and you have a ten-seamstress power in your parlor, eating nothing, asking no questions, and never singing the mournful 'Song of the Shirt.' It works equally well upon every variety of fabric—silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods, from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths. The housekeeper, accustomed to make by hand but thirty or forty stitches per minute, is soon surprised at the facility with which she runs up seams, sews on facings, tucks, hems, plaits, gathers, quilts, stitches in cords, sews on bindings, etc., and wonders how she has endured the drudgery of hand-sewing. Her spring and fall sewing, which dragged through the entire year with little intermission, becomes the work of a few days with this machine. In many instances, we have heard of the stronger sex doing most of the family sewing—'just for fun,' of course. The revolution promises to be as complete as the evil; and will extend to housewives as well as seamstresses.

Bayeux tapestries, Flemish fabrics, gauzes too, which reveal all that they seem to hide, and threads invisible to unaided eyes, will not be wrought by hand much longer. The sewing-machine and the factories, with their steel-fingers and brazen sinews, will, in some future time, wrest away these avocations, and invariably establish another order of things.

# J U N E .

## L

MEN turn to angels when dead:  
A thought grows into a song:  
Every thing ripens with time,  
Or I and my rhyme are wrong.

## II.

The May-moon blossomed and grew,  
And withered, the flower full-blown;  
But out of the ruined moon  
The beautiful June has grown.

## T H E P O R T R A I T .

## I.

'T is very odd, and yet there is  
A slight resemblance too;  
Although a stranger well might ask  
If this were meant for you.  
There's too much roundness to the cheek:  
The lips are all too red:  
And those are natural curls, my love,  
That glorify the head.

## II.

The maid has such a conscious look  
Of bashfulness and fun,  
That one would guess her half-coquette  
And half demurest nun;  
Or deem some merry devil lurked  
Within those angel eyes,  
To tempt deluded man astray  
With hopes of Paradise.

## III.

And did you really, truly wear  
That charming bodice-waist,  
With its provoking open front,  
So exquisitely laced?  
If low-necked dresses then were cut  
So wonderfully low,  
Pray tell me why it is that now  
You never wear them so?

## IV.

How could an artist ever gaze  
Upon those glowing charms,  
Nor throw his frenzied brush away,  
To clasp them in his arms!  
Yet he might paint you as you sit  
Beside the cradle now,  
Without a tremor of the hand,  
Or flush upon his brow.

## V.

Well, never mind; although the hair  
That droops beneath the cap  
Has lent its gold to that young rogue  
Who slumbers on your lap;  
Yet when the baby's grown a boy,  
And wears a jaunty hat,  
You then may say to him, that once  
His mother looked like that.

G. H. C.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

---

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.  
Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vols. I. and II. New-York:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1858.

THE poet GRAY said that his idea of Paradise was to 'lie on a sofa and read eternal new romances.' The multitudinous works of fiction which have abounded since his time and superabounded for a few years past, show that the world has been somewhat inclined to accept his creed, and to introduce the millennium at once if new romances could do it. There is nothing on the face of the earth that has not been romanticized. We have had ideal novels, historical novels, speculative novels; novels illustrative of society, of high life, low life, real life, city life, village scenes; religious novels, metaphysical novels, sentimental novels, political novels, satirical novels, scientific novels; novels to teach manners, morals, sociology, geography, and navigation; novels of gray spirits, white spirits, blue spirits, devils, and fairies; novels of the old world and of the new, of the courts of AUGUSTUS, LOUIS XIV., and MONTEZUMA — of civilized and of barbarous states, of Biblical, mediæval, and contemporary events; novels to please, excite, instruct, mystify, and enrapture. Undoubtedly romance in prose and verse has constituted a full half of the reading of the present generation. Against this sort of literature we have nothing to say, and think it a question worthy of a philosopher to decide whether a romance or a cyclopedia will be the last and highest attainment of humanity. We think, however, that after having so long revelled in the carnival of the romantic, to live for a while severely upon a Lenten discipline of realities, to know nothing but facts, and facts certified, palpable, and stubborn, would be for the mental and moral advantage of all of us. It will be well to let the over-tasked fancy rest for a season, while we attend to the plainest reports of what this universe actually consists of, and what certain facts have been transacted on the earth. At least, let us know the facts, which like strong timbers, shall uphold the temples built by fancy.

We therefore congratulate the American people upon having within their reach so compact and substantial records of general knowledge as are contained in the two volumes already published of the '*New American Cyclopædia*,' and promised in the volumes yet to come. An old German peasant was accus-



tomed, after taking his pipe in the morning, to say to his son: 'JOHN, tell me a fact, that I may have something to think about.' The work before us is composed of plain statements of facts. It has been generally recommended by the press to men in business, in the trades, and in the professions. We commend it also, especially, to young men and women who have mastered most of the poems and novels, and are inclined to take romantic, heroic, and sentimental views of life. To pass from their favorite reading into these volumes will be a sort of baptism in cold water that will be greatly for their health. To those who are acquainted with the solar system chiefly as it is developed in the poems of Mr. WORDSWORTH, and in pastorals generally, the article on 'Astronomy' would furnish excellent reading. To those who know men chiefly as they appear in novels, drawing-rooms, Broadway, or even in civilized countries, the article on 'Anthropology,' showing as it does every sort of men in all the diversities and localities of the race, would prove as entertaining as it would be valuable. Those who have given black forests, Undines, and little diabolic masters a prominent place in their conceptions of Germany, would be disabused of their error by reading the article on 'Austria,' in which the statistics and history of a great empire are skilfully compressed. Those who are familiar only with the *outrées*, wayward, elfish, passionate girls that appear in romances, would do well to learn of some of the actual eccentricities of the sex by reading the articles on the 'Almeh' of Egypt, the 'Amazons' of antiquity and of South-America, and the 'Bayadeer' of India. The series of articles on 'Animal,' 'Animal Electricity,' 'Animal Heat,' 'Animal Magnetism,' 'Animal Matter,' 'Animal Mechanics,' 'Animal Spirits,' 'Animalcules,' 'Aquatic Animals,' and 'Amphibia' are both learned and popular, and give clear views both of the certainties and the mysteries of the most interesting of the three great natural kingdoms.

We have neither time nor space to examine particularly a work of this character and magnitude. It will pass into libraries, and be tried by time, by constant reference to its pages. At present we purpose only to refer a little more particularly to its treatment of American topics. It is nearly thirty years since the old *Encyclopædia Americana* appeared, and considering that that contained biographies only of the dead, while the '*New American Cyclopædia*' has notices also of eminent living persons, it makes a difference of more than half-a-century in their biographical departments. During the last thirty years our country has increased from a population of thirteen millions to thirty millions; has built all its rail-roads, and almost all its steam-boats; has invented the electric telegraph; received immense emigrations from the old world; gone through with one war; peopled California; begun to develop the resources of the Mississippi valley; advanced to the Pacific in Oregon; seen the close of its second generation of great statesmen in the death of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and of its third, in the death of DANIEL WEBSTER and THOMAS H. BENTON. The city of Chicago, which the old *Encyclopædia* does not contain at all, and which the supplementary volume to it alludes to as having between four and five thousand inhabitants, had in 1857 a population of one hundred and thirty thousand; and this immense progress is but an eminent instance of the general advancement of our country.

The '*New American Cyclopædia*' is the summing up of the work of the

last thirty years. Fuller in every department and for every period than its predecessor, it has a net addition to it of the events of this period.

It is pleasant to notice the part which America plays in great general subjects. Thus in the article on 'Agricultural Schools,' there are four pages devoted to the institutions of this kind in Great Britain and on the Continent, and two pages to a particular account of those existing in the United States. The article on 'Almanac' is a story of the origin and present state of that species of literature, and informs us that 'the earliest intellectual productions of the European race on this continent were psalm-books and Almanacs.' It closes with an item for the philosophy of history: 'The trade of almanac-making, like that of the court journalist, the minstrel, and the bard, does not hold the place it did in the times of REGIOMONTANUS and PURBACH. What was once the daily companion and cherished luxury of kings and queens, court ladies and royal mistresses, has become popularized, and placed within the reach of the wives of country farmers and city mechanics. Fame can no longer be acquired in this way, but an amount of information, useful to the domestic sanctuary and the counting-house of the man of business, can be diffused by our contemporary compilers, which the learned doctor, who revelled in a court pension some centuries ago, could never have dreamed of.' In the botanical article on 'Anemone,' we are glad to observe that the writer delayed a little to describe the species *hepatica*, or wind-flower, which is one of our earliest spring flowers, often decking the forests and pastures in the vicinity of a lingering snow-bank. Probably there is no where else so satisfactory an account of the water-works of Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston — not to mention those of Jerusalem, ancient Rome, and Versailles — as in the article on 'Aqueduct.' The article on 'Angling' begins with ANTONY and CLEOPATRA on the Nile, and ends with a full account of the fish, fishing-streams, fishing-habits, and books on fishing, in America. The 'Argentine Confederation' is a chapter in the history of South-America, which will be new to most readers. The 'Atlantic Ocean,' and 'Artesian Wells,' are admirable both for facts and style, showing how much information may be pressed into a few pages; and the 'Arctic Discovery' and 'Aurora Borealis' are especially interesting, as they bring those subjects up to the date of the present year. The numerous shorter articles in the work have the merit of being full of matter. Thus 'Bachelors' contains an account of the way in which that portion of humanity has been regarded by the laws of different nations; the 'Banjo' is stated to be 'as much our national instrument as the bagpipe is with the Scotch, or the harp with the Welsh;' the territory 'Arizona,' or the 'Gadsden Purchase,' which is a subject of present political interest, is fully described; and there is a brief account of the 'Art-Unions' of the Continent, England and America.

Probably the most generally interesting, if not the best executed portion of the work, is the biographies. To graduate these in length in a way to please precisely the taste of every body, is of course out of the question. For instance, there are quite a number of Arabic heroes with names beginning with *Abd* and *Al*, in whom we cannot undertake to feel much interest, and do not see how they can well fall in the way of the studies of ordinary civilized Christians; but probably some of our neighbors, who have a more oriental turn of mind, would have felt aggrieved if they had been omitted. If a person finds

himself in the main satisfied in this respect, he should vote himself entirely satisfied, because his judgment will be invariably somewhat modified by his own pursuits. Among the longer American biographies in these two volumes are those of the three ADAMSES, JOHN, JOHN QUINCY, and SAMUEL, of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, AGASSIZ, and AUDUBON, of STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, the founder of the first American colony in Texas, of BENEDICT ARNOLD, and JOHN ANDRÉ, of P. T. BARNUM, GEORGE BANCROFT, N. P. BANKS, and JOSHUA BATES.

The articles are probably less unequal in respect of style than in any other English cyclopædia. This fact proves either unusual care in revision by the editors, or a strong *esprit de corps* in the writers, and in either case, is creditable to the two accomplished gentlemen who have undertaken and guide the work.

OLD NEW-YORK, OR REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS: being an Enlarged Edition of the Anniversary Discourse delivered before the New-York Historical Society, November 17, 1857. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D. New-York: CHARLES ROE, 697 Broadway.

THIS popular Discourse by Doctor FRANCIS on the New-York of earlier times, before the Historical Society, has recently been issued in an enlarged book form. The volume, uniting the charm of the author's brilliant style with the value of a historical record, has been so much praised, that an additional word of commendation seems superfluous. We have space only to quote a short sketch of ROBERT FULTON, and an incident connected with THOMAS PAINE:

'AMID a thousand individuals you might readily point out ROBERT FULTON. He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment; for his extreme activity, his height, somewhat over six feet, his slender yet energetic form, and well-accommodated dress; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead, and falling round about his neck. His complexion was fair; his forehead high; his eyes large, dark, and penetrating, and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depth; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections. In his sequestered moments, a ray of melancholy marked his demeanor; in the stirring affairs of active business, you might readily designate him indifferent to surrounding objects and persons, giving directions, and his own personal appliances to whatever he might be engaged in. Thus have I often observed him on the docks, reckless of temperature and inclement weather, in our early steam-boat days, anxious to secure practical issues from his mid-night reflections, or to add new improvements to works not yet completed. His floating dock cost him much personal labor of this sort. His hat might have fallen in the water, and his coat be lying on a pile of lumber, yet FULTON's devotion was not diverted. Trifles were not calculated to impede him, or damp his perseverance.

'There are those who have judged the sympathies of our nature by the grasp of the hand: this rule, applied to Mr. FULTON's salutation, only strengthened your confidence in the declarations he uttered. He was social; captivating to the young, in-

structive even to the wisest. He was linked in close association with the leading characters of our city; with EMMET, COLDEN, CLINTON, MITCHILL, HOSACK, MACNEVEN, and MORRIS. A daughter of his first-named friend, with artistic talents, has painted his interesting features and his *habitat*. After all, few eminent men recorded on the rolls of fame, encountered a life of severer trials and provoking annoyance. The incredulity which prevailed as to the success of his projects, as they were called, created doubts in the bosoms of some of his warmest friends, and the cry of 'Crazy FULTON,' issuing at times from the ignoble masses, I have heard reverberated from the lips of old heads, pretenders to science. Nor is this all. Even at the time when the auspicious moment had arrived, when his boat was now gliding on the waters, individuals were found still incredulous, who named his vast achievement the 'Marine Smoke-Jack' and 'Fulton's Folly.' With philosophical composure he stood unruffled and endured all. He knew what WATT and every great inventor encountered. During his numerous years of unremitting toil, his genius had solved too many difficult problems not to have taught him the principles on which his success depended, and he was not to be dismayed by the yells of vulgar ignorance. Beside, he was working for a nation, not for himself, and the magnitude of the object absorbed all other thoughts.

'Mr. FULTON was emphatically a man of the people, ambitious indeed, but void of all sordid designs: he pursued ideas more than money. Science was more captivating to him than pecuniary gains, and the promotion of the arts, useful and refined, more absorbing than the accumulation of the miser's treasures.

'I shall never forget that night of February twenty-fourth, 1815, a frosty night indeed, on which he died. Doctor HOSACK, with whom I was associated in business, and who saw him in consultation with Doctor BRUCE, in the last hours of his illness, returning home at mid-night from his visit remarked: 'FULTON is dying: his severe cold amidst the ice, in crossing the river, has brought on an alarming inflammation and *glossitis*. He extended to me,' continued the Doctor, 'his generous hand, grasping mine closely; but he could no longer speak.' I had been with Mr. FULTON at his residence but a short time before, to arrange some papers relative to Chancellor LIVINGSTON and the floating-dock erected at Brooklyn. Business dispatched, he entered upon the character of WEST, the painter, the Columbiad of BARLOW, and the great pictures of LEAR and OPHELIA, which he had deposited in the American Academy. This interview of an hour with the illustrious man has often furnished grateful reflections.

'His pen was rarely idle for the first year or two after his return to America, nor were the deplorable habits which marked his closing years so firmly fixed. Like the opium-eater, inspired by his narcotic, PAINE, when he took pen in hand, demanded the brandy-bottle, and the rapidity of his composition seemed almost an inspiration. During the first few years after his return, he was often joined in his walks about town by some of our most enlightened citizens in social conversation, and his countenance bore the intellectual traces of ROMNEY's painting. He now too received occasional invitations to dine with the choicer spirits of the democracy; and none could surpass him in the social circle, from the abundance of his varied knowledge and his vivid imagination. The learned and bulky Doctor NICHOLAS ROMAYNE had solicited his company at a dinner, to which also he invited PINTARD, and other intelligent citizens, who had known PAINE in revolutionary days. PINTARD chose this occasion to express to PAINE his opinion of his infidel writings.

'I have read and re-read,' said PINTARD, 'your 'Age of Reason,' and any doubts which I before entertained of the truth of revelation, have been removed by your logic. Yes, Sir, your very arguments against Christianity have convinced me of its truth.'

'Well, then,' answered PAINE, with a sarcastic glance, 'I may retire to my couch to-night with the consolation that I have made at least *one* Christian.'

ORATION OF DONALD G. MITCHELL BEFORE THE ALPHA DELTA PHI SOCIETY, TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. CHARLES SCRIBNER, 377 and 379 Broadway. 1888.

MR. MITCHELL is too well known to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to require any introductory note to the few lines we are able to quote from his Oration. Those who have enjoyed (and who has not?) the 'Reveries,' and the humor of the 'FUDGE Papers,' may be pleased to hear Mr. MITCHELL on a graver subject. Here are some good ideas upon associative action:

'A FEW congenial spirits come together; a moderator is appointed; they discuss their needs; they establish a constitution to meet those needs; they club their funds; secretaries correspond; chapters are formed; conventions are called: we respect the authority and obey the summons; all the more readily, because it is so true an expression of the national tendency. We love associative action; it is the primordial law of our development; we crystallize normally in that shape. The *laminæ* overlay us every where. You cannot go so far away but you shall be enrolled in some Society—for printing campaign documents—for horticulture—for repairing churches—for building rail-ways. It is the source of our executive energy. It makes the grand lifts along our republican level: isolated, we are but pebbles on the shore; but band us together by affinities we love and cherish, and there is a great sea-wall, over which the waters cannot come.'

'It involves a certain degree of hardihood to advocate, now-a-days, the refinements of letters; the practical so overshadows and awes us. You and I value things very much for their palpable and manifest profit; not considering enough, perhaps, what other, remoter, and larger profit may grow out of those meditations or studies, whose germinating power is slower, more delicate, and less easily traceable.

'Even in Science, we rank abstract and elemental ideas below positive and practical development. The man who maps the tides or the winds so as to shorten voyages this year or next, is more estimated than the individual who spends years in determining the position of certain new stars, in establishing the niceties of longitudinal difference, or discovering some new metallic base of an old earthy matter. And yet it is possible that the star-finder may be opening an investigation which shall simplify the whole subject of navigation; or the delver in the earth—whose product is now only a new chemical fact to announce—may live to see that particular fact revolutionize a whole branch of industry. The truth that simmered for fifty years under the Voltaic pile, in all that time serving only to give a shock to nervous people, or to fuse a bit of metal, blazed out at last: and now, it plays upon an iron web from city to city, over the world; frail as the gossamer things we see on a summer's morning, pendent from grass-tip to grass-tip, swaying in every breath of air—and yet, the bridges of thousands of airy messengers, who carry their errands, and die.'

The following is in Mr. MITCHELL's best vein:

'TWENTY-FIVE years ago, and poor Sir WALTER SCOTT was touching with his palsied but beloved hand the last gleams of that feudal splendor that shone from the corselet of Count ROBERT of Paris. SHARON TURNER had, at about the same time, closed the old series of English Histories with his cumbrous quartos, which I believe every body speaks well of, and nobody reads. Since that date, I think you can rarely fail to have observed a more intimate alliance of all literary endeavor—growing every hour closer and closer—with the wants of our every-day life, and its thorough incorporation with live things. The scholar, the romancist, the scientific man, are no longer a company apart. Their aims and records are of what we know and feel, and live by; or they are shelved as curious specimens of vain work—Chinese carving, showing infinite detail of labor perhaps, but wanting the perspective and foreshortening which make them true, and which body forth life. Mere metaphysics is dead. Chivalric tales, with however much of rhetorical spice in them, do not flame in our hearts, and kindle love there, and joy and wonder. Science must buckle itself to cloth-weaving or printing, or its story does not reach. Searchers after lost asteroids give way to the man, who, with his magnetic battery, touches our fire-bells with curious, invisible stroke.'

PROFESSOR GRAY'S TEXT-BOOKS IN BOTANY. 1. *How Plants Grow: Botany for Young People.* Illustrated with five hundred wood-cuts. Seventy-five cents. 2. *Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology.* Three hundred and sixty-two cuts. One dollar. 3. *Manual of Botany: a Flora of the Northern States for Classification and Analysis.* One dollar and fifty cents. 4. *Manual and Lessons in one volume.* Two dollars and twenty-five cents. 5. *Manual illustrated, including Mosses and Liverworts.* Two dollars and fifty cents. 6. *Structural and Systematic Botany.* With thirteen hundred wood-cuts. By ASA GRAY, M.D., FISHER Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. IVISON AND PHINNEY, 321 Broadway.

ALL lovers of Nature, not less than the special students of the 'Amiable Science,' (as Botany was affectionately styled by its great ornament and cultivator, LINNÆUS,) may be justly congratulated on the completion and publication of this full and admirable series of Text-Books. They are the first attempt in this country to digest for elementary instruction or popular use the results of the scientific research which has been of late years so zealously and successfully prosecuted in Vegetable Physiology by DE SAUSSURE, DARWIN, and others, and in Classification by DE CANDOLLE, HOOKER, LINDLEY, and others, which together have made of Botany quite another thing from the very pleasant but loose and unscientific study by which, from LINNÆUS down to Mrs. LINCOLN and Professor WOOD, the spare time of young ladies has been amused with the contemplation of flowers. Those who would pursue the study in its present enlarged aspect, can be commended to no works that so well unite great and accurate learning with that lucid simplicity of arrangement which results from a perfect mastery of the subject, and that grace and clearness of style which disclose the special tact and skill of the successful teacher. Indeed, we know of no scientific text-books of any kind, more finely realizing the ideal of a complete and satisfactory elementary work, than these 'Lessons,' and its abridgment and simplification for the young, the 'How Plants Grow.' The 'Manual' is a full Flora of all the Northern States east of the Mississippi, and including Virginia and Kentucky, and is beyond all comparison the most thorough, exact, and comprehensive work of the kind ever prepared; embracing not only descriptions of a greater number of plants, but furnishing an Analysis that is incomparably more precise, exhaustive, and reliable, than has been attained by any other botanist in this country. The illustrations themselves form a distinct and most valuable feature. They are not servile copies of European drawings, which have been made to do the service of scores of other books, but fresh, original delineations from Nature, executed with a skill and finish that have seldom been called to the service of Science. They are very numerous — amounting to some twenty-five hundred different cuts — and exhibit wonderful distinctness, accuracy, and beauty. For the purposes of illustration, they are even superior to the inspection of the actual plants. The several volumes are complete in themselves, and are so arranged as to consult the pupil's economy, by presenting in one book all that is needed at any particular stage of study: and when we add that they are beautifully printed and bound, we have included all the elements of attractive, scholarly, reliable, and practical text-books, such as no teacher can use without gratitude to the author, and a new affection for this charming and most useful science.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE FROM TWO DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS. — We have not unfrequently, in times past, found occasion, in noticing the annual reports of the *New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb*, under the capable supervision of the Messrs. PEET, and erewhile our old friend Mr. BARTLETT, to quote from the amusing letters of many of the inmates, usually embodied therein. The following communication, from our friend and correspondent, JACQUES MAURICE, (who was born and brought up with the immortal PEPPER,) contains other letters, which cannot fail greatly to interest our readers :

*Baldwinsville, Onondaga County, May 18, 1858.*

‘DEAR CLARK : I am about to lay before you the papers I referred to in my last ; and I am sanguine you will, on perusal, justify the confidence of my tone in alluding to them. You will perceive that the subject-matter of my sketch is a series of letters ; the authors of them being two deaf and dumb children, now at the New-York Institution, founded for like unfortunate (perhaps fortunate) creatures, and which is, and has been many years, under the charge of HARVEY P. PEET, LL.D., and his son I. L. PEET, A.M. ; both thoroughly capable and efficient. They are the children of Judge STANSBURY, of this village, and nieces of Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, the authoress. They have been at the Institution only since November last ; and my object in sending you these letters is partly to show you the wonderful progress they have made there, in ideas and style, and partly to touch and amuse you by the various odd, striking, and affecting expressions in which they give vent to novel emotions. I assure you I give literal transcripts of the effusions, even to the minutest particular ; and that I can honestly disclaim any such vulgar notion as that of parading those sweet innocents before the world, as a BARNUM might, merely to make a laugh. I hope to make some, if not all, of those who may read this article, more glad and proud than ever of the New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb : one of the noblest and most beneficent foundations that was ever planned.

‘It is proper to remark that the girls have long been familiar with the signs by means of which the deaf and dumb communicate with each other ; and this will account for the correctness of their orthography at the very beginning ; as of course you know, they are obliged to spell every word, letter by letter. Their father has been very kind and assiduous in his instructions, and is so very fond

of them, that I am convinced, had it been possible, and he had done ten times as much for them, it would all have been a 'labor of love.' Upon my remarking, in his presence, upon the probable difficulty in establishing in their minds, as a preliminary, an adequate connection of words and ideas, he said I was correct; but that after the *very first* significant link had been formed, the rest was easy. Thus he was a little time in showing that C A T really meant the little animal they were accustomed to play with; but after that, they overwhelmed him with questions, until they knew the name of every object with which they were at all familiar. Soon after the accomplishing of that *first* difficult step, he came upon MARY, the younger, stretched on the floor, her left arm holding tightly the unwilling cat, and with her right hand repeatedly spelling C A T with ludicrous pains: after each enunciation, signifying to the animal, by motions, that *that* was its name!

'The effusions I append are mostly MARY'S. She writes a round, bold, somewhat masculine 'hand,' every letter being carefully formed, and the completed epistle staring you in the face with a singular air of honesty and frankness. The lady mentioned by her given name, in the first, is their cousin, who was visiting them. For the elucidation of this comparatively crude production, I may remark, that almost every word contains an idea, and that a liberal sprinkling of full-stops must be mentally resorted to by the reader. Mrs. STANSBURY remarks (and the letters afford her an amusing illustration) that they have an affecting way of 'hinting around' when they want any thing, as they are too delicate-minded and modest to ask for it boldly:

"November 25th, 1857.

"MY DEAR FATHER: ADELE come going daguerreotype one father and mother. ANNA, JAMES, JOSEPH, ALICE, and mother and father writing letter come happy. Tomorrow, MARY is eat hen. Careless CAROLINE is broke one comb. Careful MARY is broke no comb. ADELE come going soon soon soap. MARY towel not soap. Mr. L. PEET Teaching some lady writing slates. Add. School love MARY. Miss MERWIN teaching, CAROLINE, and MARY.

MARY E. STANSBURY.'

'In the next the familiar employment of school-apothegms has a comic effect. The signs of advancement in mind and spirit are already apparent:

"*Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York, Dec. 3d, 1857.*

"MY DEAR MOTHER: I am very well and happy. This build is very large. Miss MERWIN is my teacher. God gives food and clothes to us. We should thank HIM. She has my teacher twenty-two girls. Peacock has no soul. There are three hundred Deaf and Dumb pupils. Baby has pretty blue eyes and brown hair. Mrs. I. L. PEET is little son. We Study often. We look through a window vessels sail. The peacock is Vain. There are sixteen teachers. There has a pretty little baby. Yesterday was the first day winter.

"I am your affectionate daughter,

"MARY E. STANSBURY.'

'In the following, written after a greater interval, the most satisfactory advancement will be perceived, Though child-like, it is coherent, if we except the truisms which (having, I suppose, struck her childish fancy) she has thrown in, with less than a critical regard for appositeness. Remembering her great deprivation, I think you will be touched at the passage I have underscored:

"*Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York, March 18th.*

"MY DEAR FATHER: I have received another letter from mother. Mr. PEET has brought it to me. You are well. I play often in the yard. I have ruddy cheek. We

study and improve. I am very well and happy. Miss HUBBELL has caught a bird. She has opened a window. It has flown away. It will sit on a tree. Mrs. STONER's cat has four kittens. They will play with the girls. They will grow four cats. Their mother washes them with her tongue. Perhaps she will give to them some mice to eat. I grow fat. The sun is bright. The sky is blue. The ground is a little wet. I love God. I shall die. *I will hear the angels sing in heaven.* We often go into chapel. Mother has sent some cloth to me. I thank her. I often play with CORA WYNKOOP. You will come to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. I am very glad. I shall go home in four months. I wear spectacles on my nose. The frame is blue. Will you write to me?

“I am your affectionate daughter,

“MARY E. STANSBURY.”

“I have two more letters, which, although they are comparatively long, I will venture to include. They are written by MARY and CAROLINE, on one sheet, and addressed to BRIDGET, a domestic. You may be assured the destitution MARY hints at was not of long continuance. Her lugging in a ‘large word’ several times is an amusing feature of her effusion. CARRIE's letter affords quite a contrast to her sister's, being written in delicate characters, and evincing much care in punctuation and other *minutiae*. It is in accordance with her manners, which are timid and retiring, and with her personal appearance, which is always very neat and tidy:

“*Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York, April 7th, 1858.*

“MY DEAR BRIDGET: MISS HUBBELL caught a bird. She opened a window. It flew away. It will sit on a tree. Some girls throw a ball over a house. Some girls often play games with other girls. CORA WYNKOOP often plays with me. All the girls will wear a white dress: (alluding to a contemplated exhibition of the children in the Academy of Music.) We must not be vain. God does not love vain People. We put our books in the desks. Some girls often sew coats, vests, and pantaloons. God makes the sun and the rain. The grass will soon be green. The flowers will soon grow. I have some collars. Mr. WEEKS often goes to the city. He buys every thing. He came here last Saturday. All girls wish some money. I have no money. You have money enough. My hair will soon be long. I have broken an old comb. I have black eyes. FANNY SMITH often monitress all careless girls. Some girls often sew white dress. We study and improve. Several boys sometimes stand on the roof. Are you well? Are you all well? I write in a copy-book every day. Mr. PEET has registers. Some lazy girls do not sew a white dress. Help some girls enthusiastic sew all white dress. EMMA CLUDINS often say half hear and speak. Mr. MORRIS often goes home. Mr. PEET will bring three large slates. The wind blows some trees. Mr. ANGUS often talks with CORA WYNKOOP. You must all be enthusiastic. You will write send to me.

“I am your affectionate friend,

“MARY E. STANSBURY.”

“MY DEAR BRIDGET: Some time ago I received a letter from you. It is raining a little to-day. I often dance other with girls. Do you make good cook? You are well. I am very well. I wish see you. Mr. PEET explains to pupils deaf and dumb every day. Do you farmer clean in the garden and potatoes and pears and corn? Do you works rake from dead grass and flowers? We often see Mr. PEET's little son. He has blue eyes and brown hair. Dr. PEET went to Albany last week. Perhaps he will come back to-morrow. The grass will soon be green. The flowers will soon grow. Some pupils deaf and dumb into Institution seven years. I often see some crows. I often see steam-boats on the river. I often broom sweep from floor.

“I am your affectionate friend,

“CAROLINE H. STANSBURY.”

'Imagine 'BRIDGET' perusing those letters! Her impatience to answer the abrupt question, 'Do you make good cook?' on the spot; her gratification at the frank announcement, 'I wish see you;' her consternation at the quaintly-mysterious inquiry, 'Do you farmer clean in the garden,' etc.; her resolution to gratify her young friends in the matter of 'enthusiasm,' and her queer feelings at a number more places.

'But I weary you. Perhaps my taste and judgment will be impeached for having betrayed me into an idle and uninteresting narrative. I think not: at least, I hope not. If *your* sympathies have not been enlisted, I will confess I do not know you. If they have, you will thank me for my trouble, and that will be reward enough. And so, good-by.

'Your attached friend,

'JACQUES MAURICE.'

---

LATE WORDS TOUCHING THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. — It was our good fortune to visit the *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, for the present season, *once*. Let us at least be thankful for *that* privilege; for it has been several years since we have seen a better collection of pictures, in the various divisions of the colorist's art, than adorned the walls of the Academy this year. All the old favorites of this Art-'Institution' were represented this year, including Mr. INGHAM, whose exquisitely-colored and finished portraits have been strangers to the walls of the Academy for a long time. DURAND, KENSETT, CHURCH, GIGNOUX, *et al.*, have seldom been better represented: and this was true, not only of these distinguished artists, but of others in their line, whose productions are fulfilling the promise of their early beginnings. In portraiture, we saw much to admire, and a marked improvement, as we thought, upon many former exhibitions. ELLIOTT, HICKS, (whose *face* of HALLECK is most true in color, drawing, and expression,) INGHAM, BAKER, STEARNS, and several of their younger and less distinguished 'contemporaries,' are honorably represented. Our examination of the collection, however, was too cursory to admit of a notice of the pictures in detail, even were it desirable, so long after the close of the exhibition. We give place to '*Some Things made a Note of in the National Academy*,' from the pen of an old friend and capable art-critic, who sauntered through the exhibition in company with a mutual friend and lover of the 'serene and silent art' of our pictorial friends:

'In company with a friend, whom you very well know, I strolled through the pleasant exhibition-rooms of the 'NATIONAL ACADEMY.' Being short of time that day, it was only a bird's-eye view which we had of most of the 'attractions' which lined the walls. At our friend's suggestion, we made directly for a certain picture, in the Sixth Room, the title whereof had struck our chance-look at the Catalogue: 'ELLIOTT and his FRIENDS': No. 608. It is a very spirited picture, and remarkably well done as to the likenesses. It is just the picture we should like to have in *our* 'Sanctum,' placing before us, as it does, three individuals, remarkable each in his particular sphere: and here they are, all shown to be

united in that one 'gentle art' which old IZAAK WALTON has so quaintly eulogized. They are evidently enthusiastic devotees of angling — the ARTIST and the EDITOR more especially — as their bold and characteristic attitudes sufficiently indicate. It was a very difficult undertaking to paint three men in the position and with the 'surroundings' which Mr. STEARNS has chosen for his favorite trio: but we are glad to see that he has succeeded so well. That two of the portraits, ELLIOTT and your veritable self, friend KNICKERBOCKER, are excellent entirely, we can unhesitatingly testify. We made critical comparison, and agreed that it was 'all right,' barring your white hat and leather sporting-coat. A few days after, we chanced upon the well-bearded ELLIOTT in the same room, and found that *he*, too, was equally well taken. We may naturally infer, therefore, that the other subject (Mr. FREDERICK COZZENS) is likewise 'all right,' although we are not personally familiar with his lineaments. That STEARNS can paint a good likeness, we may confidently declare, judging from this picture only: but there is another, (No. 630,) 'Portrait of a Lady,' which extorts the same praise.

'A subsequent visit to the Exhibition, somewhat more leisurely and critically made, confirms our first impression, that it is the best display the ACADEMY has offered for many years. There are no very conspicuous and startling instances of successful ambition, it may be, unless we except HEALY's full-lengths; but there is a large number of meritorious productions, and a general *evenness of excellence* throughout, which is exceedingly satisfactory. This is assuredly consoling, and goes far to persuade us that the profession is making rapid and healthy progress toward perfection. In a cursory notice like this, we cannot, of course, pay our respects to more than a small portion of works deserving commendation or criticism. As nearly all the articles we have seen about the Exhibition have commented chiefly upon the landscape and fancy-department of Art, we have thought best to say a little more about Portraits, (of which it may be somewhat unfashionable to take much notice,) not a few being specimens worthy of special attention.

'Among the *Portraiters*, if you will allow the word, we should undoubtedly place ELLIOTT at the head of the first rank. The specimens he has given us this year are admirable — full of truth and full of life. His flesh is *real* flesh; his 'expressions' natural, and such as we ordinarily find in the subjects. He requires no farther eulogium than this: his portraits all 'speak for themselves.' Close along after ELLIOTT, follow HICKS and CARPENTER — the latter quite a young man, but full of industry and modest ambition. You have already predicted his success, did he but 'fulfil the promise of his spring.' The former, we think, is extremely happy in landscape, whenever he chooses to try his hand that way, as witness his strikingly-truthful little picture, (No. 13,) called, 'West-Canada Creek, Trenton Falls.' How perfect those rocks — how natural that foliage! But it is in the accessories of his portraits that HICKS is very happy, even more so, perhaps, than in the likeness itself, though that is good. He *places* his subjects well, not making a blank, dark surface all around them, but something cheerful and graceful. This is pleasingly illustrated in the interesting picture, (No. 577,) 'The Portfolio,' being the portrait of a lady, of Staten-Island. His pictures, of which there are some half-dozen or more, are nearly all small this year. His fine likeness of the poet HALLECK graces the first gallery.

'CARPENTER's heads are remarkably fine. He rarely, if ever, fails of a speaking likeness. His style is slightly more severe than ELLIOTT's. He follows ELLIOTT closely in all the points of a successful and pleasing portrait. Witness his

half-length of 'A Lady,' (No. 75.) It is an expressive countenance, with *real* eyes and *real* complexion. The lady was fortunate in her choice of this artist, if she wishes to see how she looks, better than when she sees herself 'in a glass darkly.' Witness also his large portrait of the Rev. Dr. STORRS, which is most faithfully exact and perfectly finished. In the smallest details, you will find this artist never astray; and this it is which makes his pictures so satisfactory, and always valuable. His coloring is the exact counter-part of what is found in the faces themselves. So truthful and pleasing an artist as this, deserves all possible encouragement, and we are glad to hear that he is encouraged, and that the many valuable orders which he is receiving, leave him little or no time to spare. Considering how young a man Mr. CARPENTER is — in the middle of 'the twenties,' we believe — it is quite remarkable how many distinguished men he has 'executed'!

'Mr. ROSSITER has several pleasing compositions on the walls. Of No. 432, 'The Nubie,' we have the testimony of a charming young lady, whose exclamation we heard: 'Is n't it sweet?' His 'First Lesson' is a very pretty work. So is 'The Old Porch.' But of all the specimens he has set before us in this Exhibition, a little Scripture piece gave us most gratification, representing our SAVIOUR, and the 'Woman taken in Adultery': 'Let him that is without sin among you, first cast a stone at her,' the MASTER said to the hypocritical Pharisees; and most expressively has the artist represented these self-convicted ones going out from the pure presence of JESUS, leaving HIM standing alone before the humbled woman. There is a world of meaning portrayed in the face of the erring woman. Full of shame, of sorrow, and of penitence it may be, she seems not to dare lift her eyes to look upon the wonderful BEING before her, but stands abashed and amazed by the mild, forgiving sentence which falls from HIS lips: 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' This little piece, which, perhaps, does not attract much attention now, would be an excellent study for a large and noble picture. We think the color of the hair of the principal figure, although it may be traditional, is a little too golden.

'It is in our heart to make particular mention of other works, which elicited our admiration and excited our cupidity. But if your patience is not already exhausted, we fear your space would fail us, to tell of the many excellent things which adorn the galleries of this Exhibition; such as the exquisite land-and-water-scapes of KENSETT, (for the chief feature of all this splendid artist's pieces, this year, is the *wet* part;) of the truthful and vigorous *marines* of DIX, a new and most promising artist in this department; of the admirable little sketches of rural scenery by the two HARTS; of BAKER, and HUNTINGTON, and GIFFORD; of INNES, whose little pieces are largely appreciated; of CROPSEY, CASILEAR, and CALIX; of EHNINGER and NICHOLS, the latter of whom has done himself more credit this year than he did the last: all these, with some others, we must pass by for the present, with the heartiest congratulations for what they *have* done; and may God speed them all in their continued illustrations of their captivating and refining ART!

'Your old Friend and Brother,

'Δ Φ.'

TOUCHING Mr. STEARNS' large picture, alluded to in the foregoing: we wish our friend and correspondent could *see* the beautiful scene of which it is an exceedingly faithful counterpart. The fishermen, ELLIOTT, Mr. SPARROWGRASS, and 'Old KNICK,' are angling for trout at the foot of 'LYON'S Falls,' just below the junction of 'Moose' and 'Black' rivers — a grand and beautiful



scene. We can see the rush of the tumbling flood, the uprising, rolling masses of steam-like spray, and hear the continuous roar of the tumultuous waters, at this moment. STEARNS himself should have been in the picture. JOHN LANE, of 'BROWN's Tract,' says he is 'a first-rate fisherman;' that he can 'throw a fly equal to the best man that he ever saw *try* to do it:' and when JOHN LANE, who can't be beaten in anglercraft, says that a man is a 'fisherman,' set him down at once to be 'a fisherman as is a FISHERMAN!'

---

'A LETTER TO THE LADIES. — From a new correspondent, we receive the subjoined '*Letter to the Ladies.*' It contains much good advice, kindly and courteously proffered, to which, it strikes us, our fair readers would do well to give due heed. Doubtless some of them may be sufficiently 'self-contained' and self-sustained, to desire, that among the various societies for the 'crushing out' of vice, there might be one for the suppression of *ad-vice*: but first, let all such attentively read and thoughtfully devour the subjoined epistle: and having digested it well, we may safely leave the verdict with our friends of 'the second sex:'

'MY DEAR SISTERS: An old proverb says, 'We should receive the truth though the DEVIL tells it;' or, to apply the adage freely, we are so liable to place a false estimate upon ourselves, that we cannot afford to lose the candid criticism of any more impartial judge. So, were I the crustiest old bachelor that ever avenged his misery by abusing you, yet from the captious tirade you might glean many hints too good to be lost. But the suggestions of this letter are made, because I love you too well to willingly see you in fault, and respect you too highly to use flattering words. No one more highly appreciates your true worth. I have often observed in you a generous self-sacrifice, and a hopefulness in love and toil, that have made you earth's ministering angels. And while your sex is taunted with weakness and folly, very many of those sisters who have made you blush, were only too pure and true-hearted to suspect the black villainy of another.

'This brings me to the criticism I wished to make: you are too credulous. You will pin your faith to the veriest shadow; and not all the world, not even your own bitter experience, can shake it. How often you grant a man his most preposterous assumptions! If he *says* he is wise or witty, you believe him, although his *fellows* say he is a blockhead. He lays his soft hand upon yours, and prates of uprightness and purity, and you smile upon him and trust him, although half the world knows that he is a worthless profligate. A gentleman said in my hearing the other day, 'You call that man a gentleman,' in speaking of your sex: 'How we do humbug them!'—and to his own disgrace, and to the injury of trusting woman, I know that he spoke the truth.

'A few months ago, the London journalists were laughing about the exploits of a worthless vagabond calling himself 'Count PUFFEMUPSKIHI,' or some such name. It appeared that he lived by making love to wealthy ladies, and then robbing and deserting them. 'When I get through with one, I take on another,' was his cool confession. He found women enough ready to swallow his story—'a Polish noble in exile;' and so they pityingly received him to their

hearts and their purses. It seems incredible that a woman should believe all a stranger chooses to say of himself, and give him her faith and her honor upon the strength of his unattested declarations; yet cases of this kind are of constant occurrence. You remember the boast of AARON BURR, and you know, too, how true he made it. PARTON has told us the secret: he was an adept in flattery. 'He always flattered a woman in those things upon which he knew she valued herself;' and the pure and the good fell before him. 'You play the fool one hour, and *she* will ever after,' is more true than complimentary. Men think you *love* to be flattered, and your own conduct justifies the belief. You turn with a haughty, injured air from one who would defend you in all which you ought to value, as valiantly as ever knight of old, but who has too much straightforward honesty to pay you a single unmerited compliment, or to praise your foibles; you turn from such an one, to smile and blush at hollow, vapid adulation.

'Father and brother tell you, that that gentleman whose society pleases you so much, is not worthy of your confidence. He plays the 'injured innocence' dodge: your woman's sympathies are aroused: you declare the world merciless and misjudging. You fancy your insight, because more kind, is therefore more true: and your bosoms glow in generous vindication of unappreciated worth. And the wily words of one whom you have resolved to trust, out-weigh the warnings of friends, clear-judging, and interested only for your welfare. Ah! ladies, were there none but you to grant awards, I fear unpretending Merit would often go begging, while he who should blow the loudest trumpet would win the most applause.

'From EVE down to the latest case of scandal, women have allowed themselves to be duped, and still refuse to be taught by bitter and oft-repeated experience. St. PAUL says expressly, that ADAM was not deceived; and probably it is no poetical fancy which supposes that he gallantly plunged over-board, resolved to share the fate of his dearer though weaker self.

'Now I would not have you suspicious and prudish: farthest possible from it. I would have you believe that the world is full of true-hearted and trustworthy men. But they are oftenest those who tell the rough, ragged truth in plain English; who detest the 'surface,' and quietly and unpretentiously weigh your true worth. If they find you empty, gilded toys, they will scorn you; but if they see in you unaffected delicacy, combined with artless candor, a pure, trustful *woman-heart*, they yield you a whole-souled reverence, which any woman might be proud to win.

'If you will be true to yourselves and to your own better instincts, true men will love you with a nobler love than such sham sentiment as would lead them to humor and pet you, while they neither trust nor respect you. Sisters, be worthy of it, and those whom for ages you have called 'lords,' will reverently look up to you as guiding-spirits, and will guard you to the death as a holy trust.

'Finally: in forming your estimate of a man, be assured that the candid opinion of one of his own sex is worth more than the judgment of two women. Men are often poor judges of women, but they know men better than you do.'

THERE is no truer friend to true women, than the frank, out-spoken writer of the foregoing 'scriblet.' Many an unfortunate *liason*, many an unhappy marriage, might have been averted, had his counsels been followed in the past, as we have some hope that they may be in the future. Certain we are, that they are tendered in good faith, and for a good purpose.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Up to 'this present writing,' the twenty-eighth day of May, the weather during the month has for the most part been sour, rainy, cold, and inclement, yet has the garden of 'Cedar Hill Cottage' been in active preparation. Thanks to Mr. ORANGE JUDD, editor of the '*American Agriculturist*,' (a journal of the first order of merit in its kind, printed in German as well as English, and which has a circulation of over thirty thousand copies,) we had been well supplied with the very best class of seeds, in all their varieties, which have 'well approved themselves,' as their bright and thrifty appearance above ground sufficiently evinces. Yesterday was a warmish day; and as we were 'puttering reöund' among the cauliflowers, cabbages, tomatoes, peas, and lettuce, they really seemed, through the medium of a momentary imagination, to be 'crowing over' each other for 'getting on,' despite the cold weather, and the inauspicious 'skiëy influences.' And in that connection, there came suddenly to mind certain '*Conversations on Vegetable Physiology*,' written some twenty-five years since by J. WHARTON GRIFFITH, Esq., a legal gentleman of distinction, and a man of much original and quaint humor, who could wield at times a pen from which dropped potent yet good-natured satire: a quality which he honestly inherited: as all our readers will admit, who can call to mind '*The Married Man's Eye*,' written by his mother for the KNICKERBOCKER many years ago, and copied all over the United States: an article which put into the hands of her sex as potent a weapon as the '*Caudle Papers*' placed in ours. Pun-disaf-fecters need not read the following. The writer was once a Philadelphian, and he caught the infection the natural way: moreover, having read the celebrated '*Conversations on Chemistry*,' he was anxious to emulate 'Mrs. B —' and 'EMILY;': having the desire, we infer, that vegetables should have an opportunity of 'speaking for themselves' as well as animals: the chemical 'interlocutors' had spoken volumes in favor of this plan of diffusing knowledge, and he thought it not amiss to try his hand in another department:

'My eyes!' said the Potato to the Lemon, 'how bilious you look to-day! Your skin is as yellow as saffron. What can be the matter?'

'LEMON. Acidity of stomach — a family complaint of ours.

'POTATO. Why do n't you take advice?

'LEMON. Advice! You know my poor dear brother dropped off the other day; and without being allowed to rest on his mother earth, his body was snatched up by a member of the Bar, who, instead of acting legally, dissected him — absolutely cut him up. 'All for the public good,' said the rascal, as he squeezed out poor LEM's last gastric juices. Take advice, quotha! If he was not allowed to enter a plea in Bar, what may I expect from Doctors' Commons?

'POTATO. That's true. I only hope poor Lem, though he was in liquor at the time, had strength enough to give him a punch under the ribs: he was a rum customer to the last, no doubt — but I must say I wish his skin had been fuller. Do you attend the meeting to-night?

'LEMON. I feel rather soured at present. I met Running-Vine just now with the invitations, and he hinted that there would be a squeeze, in which case I should decline, as they might press me to furnish drink for the company — in

fact, it is always so when they call any of my family to their aid. But now, to be serious, my sweet, sweet Potato, if you should go, let me advise you not to get yourself into hot water: you'll be dished to a certainty if you do. Onion, the strongest friend you have on earth, brought tears to my eyes by the bare recital of what would be the probable consequences of your attending it. In case of a row, you'll both have to strip — peel off. Now, under such circumstances, he'll certainly excite some sort of sympathy; whereas the removal of your russet coat might attract more admiration than pity: 'Lovely in death, would they say — *'Pallida mors,'* etc. Indeed, for my own part, I think you do look better in white. Oh! another thing I would say: Keep out of Horse-Radish's company; he will be sure to get into a scrape, a greater one than he imagines, perhaps — and as for Onion, (do n't let this leak out,) I fear the rope will end him. I should not like to get into a stew with him — so, mum! Ah! here come Plum and Pear. How savage they look!

'PEAR. How are you, my dear Lemon? Do decide this question between Plum and me. On referring to JOHNSON, we find my numerical value estimated at two only, while the rascally Plum is set down for a hundred thousand. It's too absurd: there must be some mistake.

'PLUM. None at all. Please to recollect, Sir, that I weigh a stone more than you.

'PEAR. From that I must beg leave to secede.

'LEMON. Stop this fruitless wrangling, or I shall be tempted to skin you both, to get at the truth. I'm not in spirits. As for you, Mr. Plum, no more of your tart remarks; and Mr. Pear, if you wish to be preserved, the less jarring the better. Here comes our good friend Raspberry. How do you do, my fine fellow, and where have you been?

'RASPBERRY. In the most infernal jam you ever saw: 'pon honor, 't was insupportable. What's the news?

'LEMON. There is a report which Bush has raised, quite current here, that he served you up in sweet style last evening at tea-table, before a party of ladies; and the cream of the joke is, that you were considerably down in the mouth.

'RASPBERRY. Mere envy. You know he cultivates the affections of Miss Rose Geranium, (a sweet creature, by-the-by, and has grown very much lately;) but finding that she preferred me, he became saucy, which induced me to beat him into a jelly, and send him in that state to his friend Venison, who lives near Fulton Market.

'LEMON. (*Puts his hands on his hips, and guffaws.*) Bravo! What a funny limb of Satan you are. But Ras., have you seen old Gardener lately? He'll give you a deuced trimming when he meets you. He says you ought to have done sowing your wild-oats, and that, although it goes against his grain to complain of your treading on his corns, he can't stand it any longer, and must peach.

'RASPBERRY. Peach, will he? And are these to be the fruits of my bearing with him so long? He has been picking at me for some time; and yet it was but yesterday, the ungrateful old rake, that I got him out of a scrape with Mr. Horse-Radish, who, after seizing him by the nose, threw a musk-melon at his head, exclaiming with an equestrian laugh: 'That ought to make at least one mango.' And go he did, that's certain, all to squash.

'LEMON. A challenge will ensue, doubtless.

'RASPBERRY. By no means. No one knows better than Gardener that Horse-Radish shoots like the devil in the spring, and one fall he has already received

from him. It would be unreasonable to — But drop the subject, for here comes Mrs. Tree, who seems to wear a very cypressy look.

'MRS. TREE. Good morning, gentlemen. You have heard, no doubt, that I have lost those young limbs of mine. Well, perhaps it's for the best: offsprings are a great trouble and expense, and, to speak the truth, I should pine more at the loss of my trunk. Fine growing weather, this. Adieu!

'PEAR. Pine *more*! I should say she is one of the pine-knots. There is very little of the weeping-willow about her.

'LEMON. No, the stingy old creature! No doubt she'd have been cut down by the loss of her trunk — she'd have been chop-fallen then. Instead of pining, she talks sprucer than ever. I do n't believe she even went to the expense of having the poor little things inoculated; a very little matter would have given them succor. She said the other day she was trying bark on them. But I vow, here comes Aspen. Aspen, why so agitated? Is there any thing strange in the wind?

'ASPEN-TREE. I'm in such a flutter, that I can scarce tell you of our common danger. But in a word, whether it was on account of our extreme admiration for the Woods and the Forest, or that the Chestnuts and Oaks began to rail at him, and give offence, it has entered the head of Hickory — which is very high just now — to root me out, and remove my trembling deposits from the bank on which I was reared by the side of the Schuylkill. Supplication is useless. Old Hickory will not *bend*, though we tell him of our *breaking* — and I advise all of you, who, like me, have branches, to cut and run.

'LEMON. My skin stands a double chance to be saved — for if I cut, I shall surely run. But are you serious?

'ASPEN-TREE. Serious! I tell you the sooner you all cut stick, the better. Hickory runs wonderfully. I'm off.

'LEMON. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question? All in favor of taking our leaves, will please bow.

['*They bow unanimously, and exeunt as fast as their limbs can carry them.*']

'Tolerable,' and 'to be endured!' - - - THERE was a '*Suicide of an Unknown Man at Newark*' recorded in the journals recently, which seemed to us, in its circumstances, to possess more than common pathos. He obtained lodgings at the 'Columbia House,' for which he paid in advance. He had been rich, but was now poor, and sick with consumption. He left nothing by which he could be identified. He kept a sort of diary, the last record in which was the following:

'I die by my own hands. No one is to blame for my death. Disease and poverty have brought me to this act. Poverty, age, and misfortune have *forced* me to this. I would not live a beggar nor die a pauper. Give me a grave. God have mercy on my soul! I have never knowingly injured or wronged any one, yet I have suffered many wrongs. I die content and without fear. God is just and merciful. Could I make my own grave, I would not ask mankind for a grave. I have lived independent and wish to die so, but I cannot make my own grave. So I must become a beggar after death, and even beg my own grave. I do not wish my name to be known. Those who have an interest in my behalf know all, for I have informed them. Farewell to this world, with all its joys and sorrows! Here is my death-bed!'

There spoke a broken heart, 'awearied of the world.' While we condemn, let us pity the poor wayward wanderer. God only knows how much he had suffered in 'mind, body, and estate!' - - - Who is '*The Girl that*

*lives in Drew?* Where is Drew? Who is the enamored swain? Our far-western correspondent is courteous, and has laid us under obligations to him: but he should have been more explicit: and for that matter, so should the poet whose amatory effusion he sends us:

'Of all the girls, both great and small,  
And I have seen a few,  
By far the prettiest of them all  
Is the girl that lives in Drew.

'If I possessed great mines of wealth,  
Attractions not a few,  
I would give them all, except good health,  
For the girl that lives in Drew.

'Oh! did I dare to tell her name,  
It I would tell to you;  
But she is pretty — so she is,  
The girl that lives in Drew.

'Should I succeed in winning her,  
Which I expect to do,  
I will say softly: 'Now, my dear,  
You cannot live in Drew!'

Probability favors the conclusion that she did n't live *out* of Drew, for the poet's especial sake, at least. - - - To-DAY, as we write, beginneth the 'moneth June.' For a wonder,

'THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
Blue waves are dancing fast and bright'

on the bosom of the broad Hudson before us; but 'our heart is not here:' it is away with our brothers of the '*North Woods Walton Club*,' amidst the lakes and the mountain solitudes of that primitive region; as fresh now as when first they came from the hand of the ALMIGHTY. Almost a year ago we were there, with a pleasant party, which, with the scenes we saw, and the enjoyment we secured, can never be forgotten. How we went from JOHN M. LANE's hospitable though lone retreat; how we disported on the borders and the waters of the 'North' and 'South' lakes of the 'Tract' of BROWN; how we visited, and threw our lines into, the next larger of these mountain sheets of crystal; how we 'expanded' at the 'SHANTY,' under the supervision of the blackest-eyed and handsomest FALSTAFF that ever sported an authentic abdominal periphery; how we visited the State-Reservoirs for supplying (twenty-five miles off) the feeders of the Black River Canal: are not all these things written with a stylus in our memories? Yea, verily! But hear a brother-member of the 'WALTON,' who writes from his home in Old Kentucky, to our friend 'ADAM SYGHE,' express *our* emotions and those of two other members in our immediate vicinage, at not being able to join the choice spirits who are at this moment, no doubt, luxuriating upon the delicious 'SPECKLED' which they have wiled from the blue waters:

'MY DEAR SCHOLEFIELD: I am in receipt of the North Woods Walton Club's proceedings, through our friend GEORGE D. PRENTICE, for which I am much obliged to you. I feel at once all the Free Masonry of the angle. I sit at your festive board; I taste your palatable viands; I enjoy the wit, the laugh, the illumined faces; I forget the cares of business and of ambition, and like a colt with his bridle slipped, I take to the woods again.

'I pass along the deep wooded valleys, musical with the notes of the red-bird and the thrush; I climb the winding rocky paths of the mountain; I draw a deep breath of admiration, as the world-wide prospect of mountain, forest, and winding streams looms up before me; I pitch with you the tents upon some wood-fringed, pebble-shored lake; I hear trickling down the moss-covered rock the crystal rill, which to the thirsty angler is sweeter than all the wines of sunny France or classic Italy. Then comes the hurry in fixing up the established cosiness of the tent, or the wooden hut. Then, with gun in hand, with cap and pouch, and powder all examined, I look at the bearing of the sun, the water-courses and mountain ranges, and then, with wild expectation, I strike out into the untrodden retreats of the 'forest flocks.'



Or, with delicate rigging nicely arranged, with timely worm or alert minnow, I seat myself on some projecting rock, I draw the ruby-gemmed trout to my eager embrace! I return as twilight steals over the receding hills to the fire-lit camp. Then for the greedy inspection of the deer and the trout! Then for the grateful fry—the steaming camp-kettle—the aromatic coffee! Then we stretch ourselves, with unshod feet, upon the bough-feathered couch, and tell and hear the tangled yarns of each adventurer by ‘sea and shore.’ ‘Yes, Sir! New-York is a good place to go for—fish-hooks!’ But here is the manly spirit’s play-ground! I remember at such a time, and in such a place, the memorable effusion of an old ‘WALTON’ comrade of mine. He was a clerk in a small town, yet a heart illy suited to such employ of a court, swelled in his bosom, and turned loose contemplations, as he held the glass whose glowing tints were reflected in jovial faces, and exclaimed: ‘O boys! is n’t this grand? This crystal water—this pure, untainted air—this untamed nature—this glorious liquor—and not a—rascal in an hundred miles of us!’ These, Sir, are my sentiments.

‘I wish I could be with you. I *am* with you. My heart is with you. No ‘spirit’s juggle,’ no second sight, no witches’ frolic, are needed here. All is distinct in the mind’s eye: painted on memory’s retina, the past, and the coming time:

‘A LAST request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a’;  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him who minds you far awa’.’

‘May your shadows never be less; may your forests never fail, your lakes never grow dry, your deer never die out, your wives never grow old, your children never grow less; may your sweet-hearts grow more plenty; may you live a thousand years, and then may you be hung up for a relic.

‘Your sincere brother of the gun and the angle,

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

‘C. M. SCHOLEFIELD, *Corresponding Secretary of the North-Woods Walton Club.*’

When *next* the Club do go abroad in the woods, ‘may we be there to see’ and to *feel* with the members thereof, including our immediate *confrères* ‘hereaway!’ - - - ‘*A Collection of Familiar Quotations*’ is the title of a Boston volume, which has just passed to a third edition. We have not seen the work—only a review of it; judging from which, we may assume it to be a useful as well as an entertaining book. In it, the term ‘masterly inactivity’ is taken from the late JOHN C. CALHOUN, and given to Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH: ‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,’ which every body who did n’t suppose it was in the BIBLE, credited to STERNE, was stolen by him from GEORGE HERBERT, who translated it from the French of HENRI ESTIENNE, who wrote, in 1594: ‘God measures the wind to the shorn sheep.’ ‘The cup that cheers but not inebriates’ was ‘conveyed’ by COWPER from Bishop BERKELEY in his ‘*Siris*.’ WORDSWORTH’S ‘The child is father of the man,’ is traced from him to MILTON, and from MILTON to Sir THOMAS MORE. ‘Like angel’s visits, few and far between’ is the offspring of an ‘hook’: it is *not* THOMAS CAMPBELL’S original thought. Old JOHN NORRIS (1658) used it, and after him ROBERT BLAIR, as late as 1746. ‘There’s a gude time coming’ is SCOTT’S phrase in ‘ROB ROY’; and the ‘Almighty Dollar’ is WASHINGTON IRVING’S happy hit. These, with numerous other familiar quotations, are traced, link by link, to their original source, in the book to which we have referred. By-the-by, this work would supply a desideratum, we think, in Mr. SPARROWGRASS’S library. Once when he was sitting for a portraiture of his lineaments in Mr. ELLIOTT’S studio, he pumped us dry, in eliciting from us the names of the authors of some thirty or forty little literary tid-bits, which he quoted. At length he repeated a familiar distich: ‘Who wrote *that*?’ he asked. ‘SHAKSPEARE,’ we replied. ‘No: you’re out again. That is from PRIOR.’ ‘Very well,’ said we, ‘then of course he

has a prior claim to it: but you need n't use your literary forcing-pump any more: we do n't know any thing about any other quotations which you are going to mention.' This is our only pun. It was our first and our last. Oh! no: we *did* make *one* more! - - - 'HAVE we a 'PUNCH' among us?' We unhesitatingly reply that we have, or something often quite as good, in the *New-York Weekly Picayune*. Since 'DOESTICKS' entered upon the duties of editor of this lively and piquant journal, there have appeared in its columns, from his pen, articles which have been as witty and sparkling as any thing which has graced the pages of PUNCH during the same period. Such was his description of a visit to a cricket-match, and his satirical but truthful defence of little boys. Nor is it only fun or telling satire, which characterize the contents of *The Picayune*. Every now and then the reader of this amusing sheet will chance upon a bit of sound argument upon some prevalent public topic, and not unfrequently a touch of tender pathos, which shows that the editor possesses true feeling as well as humor. Take for example, the annexed passage from some desultory remarks upon '*Moving on May-Day*':

'The first of May is a great day in New-York city; a rattling, clattering; crashing, smashing, hurrying, skurrying, tearing, swearing day. Ah! how many hearts and looking-glasses are broken in our big city on this day! How many cherished pieces of furniture are shivered in the rude embraces of Celtic exiles! How many Irishmen knock the skin off their knuckles, and present themselves to their employers, bleeding and perspiring spectacles, with bits of straw sticking in their dusty whiskers. How many FREDDIES and FANNIES stand howling through the long day in full rig, waiting to get into the new house and have something to eat. How many Hibernians zealously ruin how many clocks by packing small stray articles among the works. How many emigrants roll down stairs over hair-mattresses. How many wives wish there were no such thing as houses, and that we could all live as the cows do. How many mothers' hearts ache as they see their little stock of accumulated household treasures carted away after the auction-sale, rendered necessary by hard times, and CHARLEY's losses in business. Those treasures which have become sacred relics, volumes containing the history of the family. That wee crib, thrown carelessly in the cart, is the one on which little WILLIE died, and there, where the carman puts his heavy cow-hide boot, is the very spot grasped by his white hand, as he lisped those last words, recorded on the scrap of paper which envelopes a lock of light hair. 'Don't cry, Mamma, I'm goin' to be a velly good boy *now*.' That was the piano on which FANNY played so often before she married and died. That is the book-case in which GEORGE kept those precious volumes which helped to gain that flattering notice from the President of Harvard: he will be sorry it is gone when he comes back from California, poor fellow: however, he is a smart boy, and will make the family's fortune yet. Yes, yes: the first of May tears many an old garment into shreds.'

There is nothing mawkish or 'pumped-up' in this. It is natural sympathy, naturally and feelingly expressed. - - - A recent Memphis journal has the following:

'The *Kate Frisbee* on her last trip had among her passengers a gentleman of Bolivar, who was going to see a friend of his, fifty miles up the river. His business was this: one day last week he saw a nondescript sort of article floating down the Mississippi near his plantation: it resembled a miniature NOAH's ark, with the hull knocked off. Curiosity led him to board it, when he was astonished to find himself in the store of a friend residing fifty miles up the river! The contents were not greatly injured. He tied the store to the shore, and started off to let his trading friend know where he might find his lost place of business.'

Our friend Captain HULSE, of the New-York and Erie Rail-road steam-boat

'ERIE,' was mentioning the foregoing circumstance the other night in the pilot-house of that spacious steamer, while himself, and 'ZACK STALL' and 'BILL WITHERWAX,' pilots, were peering through the dim night-haze for a Hudson river vessel, which at first they could n't well 'make out,' although it proved to be a 'wing-and-wing' craft, bound up the Tappaän-Zee. Now it came to pass, that while we were looking at this dubious stranger, BRAINARD's sublime and ludicrous lines, '*The Captain*,' came to mind, and we repeated it, with such roars of laughter at the end, as are seldom heard in a play-house. 'I wish,' said the CAPTAIN, 'that you would print that in the KNICKERBOCKER: *do*: there's not a coasting skipper in our waters, I'll be bound, but will want a copy of it.' We promised to do it; the more readily, that in quoting it from memory, a long time ago, we omitted three of the finest lines in the effusion: nor, if we remember rightly, did we premise that the basis of the lines was this simple paragraph in the ship-news of a Bridgeport (Conn.) journal: 'Arrived, schooner 'Fame,' from Charleston, *via* New-London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain-storm on Thursday evening last, the 'Fame' was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist meeting-house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet.' Now observe what the poet constructed out of such scanty *matériel*:

'SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,  
And muttered of his hardships: 'I have been  
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide  
Has dashed me on the sawyer: I have sailed  
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge  
Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast  
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel  
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas:  
And often in my cold and mid-night watch,  
Have heard the warning-voice of the lee shore  
Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen  
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows:  
And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,  
Have swung into its vortex: and I know  
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,  
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart:  
But never yet upon the stormy wave,  
Or where the river mixes with the main,  
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,  
In all my rough experience of harm,  
Met I—a Methodist Meeting-house!

'Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,  
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern:  
It comes in such a 'questionable shape,'  
I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, Josey,  
And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford-Point,  
Long-Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,  
Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest*!  
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,  
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,  
Riding at anchor, by—a Meeting-house.'

We scarcely know which most to admire in this, the grand sublimity of the descriptive portion, or the utter ridiculousness of the conclusion. There is another piece of BRAINARD's, less known, even to the general reader, which is quite in the same vein. Like the foregoing, it was suggested by a brief newspaper paragraph, to the following purport: 'Two large bags containing news-

papers, were stolen from the boot behind a mail-coach between New-Brunswick and Bridgetown, New-Jersey. The straps securing the bags in the boot were cut, and nothing else injured or removed therefrom. The letter mails are always carried in the front boot of the coach, under the driver's feet, and therefore cannot be so easily approached.' The lines were entitled '*The Robber*:'

'THE moon hangs lightly on yon western hill:  
And now it gives a parting look, like one  
Who sadly leaves the guilty. You and I  
Must watch, when all is dark, and steal along  
By these lone trees, and wait for plunder. Hush!  
I hear the coming of some luckless wheel,  
Bearing we know not what: perhaps the wealth  
Torn from the needy, to be hoarded up  
By those who only *count* it; and perhaps  
The spendthrift's losses, or the gambler's gains,  
The thriving merchant's rich remittances,  
Or the small trifle some poor serving girl  
Sends to her poorer parents. But come on:  
Be cautious! There—'t is done: and now away,  
With breath drawn in, and noiseless step, to seek  
The darkness that befits so dark a deed.  
Now strike your light. Ye powers that look upon us!  
What have we here? 'Whigs,' 'Sentinels,' 'Gazettes,'  
'Heralds,' and 'Posts,' and 'Couriers,' 'Mercuries,'  
'Recorders,' 'Advertisers,' and 'Intelligencers,'  
'Advocates,' and 'Auroras,' There, what's that!  
That's—a 'Price Current.'

'I do venerate  
The man who rolls the smooth and silky sheet  
Upon the well-cut copper. I respect  
The worthier names of those who *sign* bank-bills:  
And, though no literary man, I love  
To read their short and pithy sentences.  
But I hate types, and printers, and the gang  
Of editors and scribblers. Their remarks,  
Essays, songs, paragraphs, and prophecies,  
I utterly detest. And *these*, particularly,  
Are just the meanest and most rascally,  
'Stale and unprofitable' publications  
I ever read in my life!

We have a retrospective sympathy for that unfortunate 'operator'—more, a great deal, than we have for TUCKERMAN, the last-reported mail-robber, now expiating his deliberately-committed crime, by twenty-one years of painful servitude in the Connecticut state-prison. - - - SOMEBODY has taken a long leap forward, in the condition of our *now* 'Great Metropolis,' and given us the 'Bill of Fare' of a fashionable restaurant on Two Hundred and Second Avenue! By the time New-York widens to that extent, it is barely possible that the science of cookery will have so far advanced, that the following delicacies may be made acceptable to the most fastidious *gourmet*. Among the '*Soups*' are included: 'Chipmunk,' 'Frog,' 'Pea-nut,' 'Corn-cob,' and 'Cockroach à la Chinois.' The '*Fish*' department will be enriched by 'Fillets of Mince,' with 'Clams,' 'Lizards, with Jellies,' 'Snails on the Half-shell,' the '*Relieves*' by 'Kangaroo, with Parsnip Jelly,' 'Mutton and Turnips,' and 'Hens, twenty-six years old,' the '*Entrées*' by 'Boned Muskrat,' 'Tenderloin of Jackass, larded,' 'Lap-dog Chops, with Spinach,' 'Woodchucks,' 'Bears' Feet, with Truffles,' 'White-mice, breaded,' and 'Croquettes of Eagles' Feet, with Madeira Sauce,' etc. The '*Roasts*' are neither so rich nor various, although they

embrace rare dishes; as: 'Saddle of Beef;' 'Cows' Lights;' 'Plucked Sheep,' and 'Sows' Ears.' There is abundance of 'Game' among which we find: 'Owls, larded;' 'Wolves,' 'Gray-headed Squirrels,' and 'Wild-cats.' The '*Vegetables and Desserts*' offer a 'rich treat:' such as 'Whale's Blubber Jelly;' 'Ice-cream, made last year;' 'Horse-chestnuts;' 'Swill-milk;' 'Crabs, frosted;' 'Pigs' Feet;' 'Speckled Apples;' and the like. '*Wines and Liquors*' close the bill: among which are enumerated: 'Clam-broth;' 'Root-beer;' 'Jersey Lightning;' 'Turnip Juice;' 'Twiggs' Hair Restorative;' 'Yankee Champagne;' 'Mother's Relief,' and so forth. Happy will be the man who shall be able to dine at this restaurant, in Avenue Two-hundred and Two! It must needs prove a feast 'to be remembered!' - - - If it were not such supreme folly, and such wretched bad taste, we could find it in our heart most heartily to laugh at the immense pains some of our would-be correspondents take to magnify the PRESIDENT's simple English. There lies before us a most labored article from one 'CLIO,' of a Southern State, in which the writer seems to have *striven* magniloquently to express thoughts which would have been entirely acceptable, if clothed in the terse and simple vernacular which best became them. It reminds us of an 'exercise' of 'OLLAPOD's, once published in the '*Philadelphia Daily Gazette*,' of which he was so many years the editor, wherein he transformed a few old maxims into the cumbrous grandiloquence of many scribblers of the time. We recall a few examples:

'*Don't count your Chickens before they are Hatched:*' Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform. '*Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander:*' The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species. '*Let Well-enough Alone:*' Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude. '*Put a Beggar on Horseback, and he will ride to the Devil:*' Establish a mendicant upon the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to APOLLYON. '*The least Said, the soonest Mended:*' The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude. '*'Tis an ill Wind that blows nobody Good:*' That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefaction to nonentity. '*Looking two Ways for Sunday:*' Scrutinizing in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath. '*A Stitch in Time saves Nine:*' The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviateth a nine-fold introduction.'

There were many more of these un-simplified apothegms, but the foregoing are all that we can now remember. You may call a hat a 'swart sombrero,' or a 'glossy four-and-nine, to storm impermeable;' but after all, praps it's as well to call it a hat: it is a hat, 'SAWWAW-EDOWARD-A-LYTTON-A-BULLWIG!' So says THACKERAY's 'JEEMS' to BULWER: and he is right. But it made BULWER 'hopping mad,' notwithstanding. - - - RUSSELL, the world-known Crimean correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from India, gives a most spirited and graphic description of the storming, capture, and sacking of the stronghold of Lucknow. The plunder of the King's palace and harem by the soldiers, must have furnished a 'rich' scene. Diamonds and pearls of countless worth; gorgeous, costly India shawls; gold lace, mirrors, and precious ornaments, and jewelled arms; all fell a prey to the ravaging, destroying troops. There is one thing mentioned by the *Times* correspondent, which rather favorably impresses us toward some of the routed native nobility: there were found in the palace and adjoining localities, great numbers of gorgeously-ornamented *Kites*, which it is stated they were very fond of flying. Now here is an evi-

dence of civilization ; of a capacity and a taste for better things than massacring innocent women and children. How they could perform such cruel deeds, and then go forth to the innocent amusement of sending up a splendid kite into the blue Indian heavens, passes our comprehension. *Apropos* of KITES : the frame of our '*Leviathan*' must be reduced, before it can rise into the clear empyrean which overhangs and circles fair and verdant Rockland. It was constructed for us by a veritable BRUNEL among kite-architects ; but when we found that it would take a hard-twisted clothes-line of Russian-hemp to hold it, and that it would most likely take us up with it, reel and all, we were compelled to entertain a proposition for reducing it to less formidable dimensions. But even *then*, it will be the most elephantine bow-kite that has ever been seen in these latitudes. When a mighty wind shall serve, it will commence its aerial voyage from the top of 'Rockland Tower.' The invitations have been out for some time. - - - 'CHARLES MATHEWS the Younger' has been 'faulty,' and the newspapers have caused the public to be made aware of the fact : so has Mr. DAVENPORT. Comparisons, by no means 'odorous' to the son, have been drawn between him and his honored and honorable sire ; a man universally respected, and an actor without an equal in his extraordinary rôle. Who does not remember him, some twenty-four years ago, at the old PARK THEATRE, (treasured be its memory !) with his simple covered table before him, seated behind which he presented to crowded audiences a whole picture-gallery of unmistakable portraits, within the space of two hours ? At that time, our friend CHARLES STETSON, of the 'ASTOR,' then recently of the 'TREMONT,' Boston, where he knew MATHEWS 'from top to toe,' used to tell many amusing anecdotes of him, and among them the following : 'When I was about leaving Liverpool for America,' said MATHEWS to STETSON, one day at the 'Tremont,' 'I asked the Yankee captain, as we were lying in the stream, why we were not off. 'Waiting for the mail,' said he. 'When do you expect it ?' I asked. 'In about twenty minutes,' was the reply. It was two full hours before the mail came, but we at last started — and *only* started ; for in about 'twenty-minutes' there was another stop. 'What is *this* for ?' said I. 'Waiting for a pilot.' 'How long before he will be on board ?' 'In about twenty minutes,' said the skipper again : and so it was all the way over. A gale was never 'calculated' to last 'twenty minutes,' and that space of time was likewise the terminating duration of a calm : and if a man was black-and-blue with sea-sickness, he was consoled with the assurance that '*it might* be all over in twenty minutes !' Soon after I had arrived, and taken lodgings in New-York, there comes me up one morning a waiter in hot haste, with : 'Mr. MATHEWS ! Mr. MATHEWS ! you can't stay here not no longer, Sà !' 'Why not, you villain ?' 'Cause you can't, Sà ?' 'What's the matter ? — what is the *reason* I can't ?' 'Cause, Sà, Mr. W —, the 'keeper,' has bu'sted, Sà, and the sheriff has issued a *sashrarer*, and the red flag is out o' the window, Sà, a-fly-ing directly over your head, Sà ; and they're gwyin' to sell out, Sà.' 'Well, when must I go ?' 'Why, Sà, I 'spect you'd better be gittin away in about twenty minutes !' 'And thus,' continued MATHEWS, in his amusingly fretful, querulous manner, 'has it been ever since I first set my foot in America. You'd hardly believe it, but I have just returned from calling to see an Old



Country friend, who was very kind to me on my former visit. 'Where is Mr. B ——?' said I to the Yankee servant. 'He is dead, Sir!' 'Dead? — *dead!* How long since did he die?' 'I should think about *twenty minutes!* — for he is hardly cold yet, Sir.' 'In short,' continued MATHEWS, 'there is nothing that cannot be, and is not done, in the United States in twenty minutes!' This may seem at first sight, to be exaggerated; but let any one take notice how often the term is used, in designating an 'unknown quantity' of time, and it will be considered a 'veritable verity.' - - - THE 'ear-marks' of our old and always welcome correspondent, 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' are visible in the lines, '*The Geologist to his Love,*' which we clip from the Hartford (Conn.) '*Daily Courant.*' PUNCH himself would have snapped up the piece, and not as an 'unconsidered trifle' either:

'BENEATH your gaze I do believe  
Basaltic boulders thrill,  
And that Mount Tom itself would throb  
Obedient to your will.  
So might your glances turn a brick  
To purple amethyst,  
And change to Passion's willing slave  
A cold geologist.

'The humid rays your eyes emit  
Would warm a stalagmite;  
And their ethereal hue outvies  
Prismatic Iolite.  
Then look with favor as I thus  
Impulsive break my mind,  
As I would break a block of flint,  
Mediaeval life to find.

'I have no doubt that love can claim  
Volcanic origin,  
And that th' arterial fount is where  
Its subtle fires begin.  
Its calide permeates all my life,  
As lustre does the spar,  
And courses through my tingling veins  
Like fumes of cinnabar.

'Some busy gnome has been at work  
To rob my mind of peace,  
And changed my heart to pumice-stone,  
That was akin to gneiss.  
It seems to be as tender now  
As crumbling mica-slate,  
And its component parts are in  
A strange transition-state.

'Your charms are printed on my brain  
In carboniferous words,  
As plainly as on HADLEY rocks  
The tracks of ancient birds;  
And strata of new feelings, love,  
Crop out as strong and bold,  
As sand-stone from the hill-side crops  
Above the rocks of old.

'And through my daily life there runs  
The most delightful thoughts,  
As runs a thread of precious ore  
Through cold auriferous quartz:  
And as the secondary rocks  
The primal over-lap,  
So this alluvial sentiment  
Is quite distinct from trap!'

The piece concludes with a point-blank 'offer,' conveyed with such frankness, and involving such prospective promise, that one would think it could hardly fail to influence a 'heart of stone:'

'THEN prithee fix the happy time —  
The incandescent hour,  
When coral artists shall arise,  
To deck our bridal-bower:  
And if some tender aerolites  
Should answer HYMEN's knock,  
We'll classify the specimens,  
My love, as cradle rock!'

'HONEYWELL' is elsewhere represented in these pages, and with credit to the established reputation of his Muse. - - - ONE of the pleasantest anecdotes which 'JOHN WATERS' of the KNICKERBOCKER, (the late Mr. HENRY CARY,) used to relate of his 'UNCLE the PARSON' — not a few of whose 'sayings and doings,' as our readers have already seen, he has most graphically recorded — was the subjoined: The good 'PARSON' had been preaching, upon a certain Sunday morning, from a text including the parable of the two houses, one of which

stood upon a rock, and the other upon the sand; a parable which we may *reasonably* assume is not unknown to any reader of these pages. He warmed with the force and beauty of his theme, until in the ardor of his discourse he *carried away the wrong house!* 'The rains beat, the floods came, and the winds blew' upon the house *that stood upon the rock*, 'and it fell, and great was the fall thereof:' a mere accidental transposition, of course, and doubtless not noticed by one in fifty of his congregation. 'UNCLE,' said the narrator, as the two were walking home from church, 'did you not make a mistake in your sermon to-day? Did you not, in one instance, reverse the meaning of the beautiful parable which formed its subject? I looked to see you re-reverse it.' 'You are right, my son; I *did* make a mistake: I am glad you were so attentive and watchful as to remark it: I carried away the wrong house, but I did *not* make a mistake in not stopping to correct it. Suppose I had done so? *Both* houses would then have been gone, and not one would have been left to illustrate the parable. Few saw the error, I think: and this leads me to say, my son, that when you find you have made a mistake, *let somebody else discover it.*' Now this is a maxim worthy of heed. - - - 'W. F. T.,' of Baltimore, writes us: 'Your 'Legislative Anecdote' in the 'May KNICK.' brought to my mind a very amusing circumstance that occurred in our body of law-makers, which, if you think worth the printer's ink, you may 'throw in.' Mr. W——, the member from A. A. county, had discoursed for some time upon a very important question: toward the close of his remarks, he turned to his opponent, and with flaming eye, and in thundering tones, he said: 'And now, Sir, do you ask me, who is the guilty one? — where is the culprit? As Cicerō said unto PLATO, *'Thou art the man!'*' The learned gentleman took his seat amid most enthusiastic applause.' - - - WE made an instructive visit this morning, with our friend Mr. RICE, Superintendent of the New-York and Erie Railroad Machine and Car-Works, at Piermont-on-'Udson. We went to examine Mr. HENRY WATERMAN'S *Measurer of Power and Distance upon Railways.* It is a wonderful 'operator,' for so small a concern: and like all really good inventions, is as uncomplicated and simple as it is invaluable. The '*United States Rail-road Journal*' thus hints the peculiarities of the machine:

'The instrument is compact in form, forms the coupling between the tender and cars, is not liable to get out of order, and registers automatically, with entire accuracy, the exact amount of power exerted by the locomotive at every instant, and sums up the whole amount exerted for the trip, as well as for any portion of it. It also gives the distance run. The value of such a *Measurer of Power* will be apparent to every person connected with a rail-road. It tests the merits of all improvements for reducing friction, and of the various plans for economizing in the use of fuel and oils. It shows the kind of engines and cars that oppose the least resistance from the friction of their various parts. It shows the tractive power of the various kinds of materials used for tires; the different degrees of resistance due to the curves and grade of a road; also that due to different velocities. It shows, beside, the exact state of the track, under all its conditions. Such an instrument of course, shows the degree of economy with which each train is run. The value of all experiments to reduce the cost of working a road have been comparatively valueless, for the want of some accurate measure of the results obtained. The true test of economy, for instance, is not the small amount of fuel consumed, but the product, in power, that results from its combustion. A small train may require great power to move it, from not being in good condition, or from the improper adjustment of its parts, or from the state of the road. On the other hand, a large train may be moved with comparative ease when every thing is in excellent order. All instruments heretofore constructed having a similar object in view, have failed, from the want of uniformity in their action, and from the impossibility of obtaining from them *means or averages* of the power exerted for any given distance. By Mr. WATERMAN'S contrivance the vibratory action of the springs is controlled, while the actual amount of power exerted at any given instant, and the whole amount exerted for the trip, is accurately and automatically recorded, with averages for the whole or for any portion of it.'

Put this improvement (it *has* been so put) upon the superb Erie Rail-road cars of Mr. McCALLUM's patent, with their delightful air-springs, perfect ventilation, and *total* absence of dust, and what more could one desire? Nothing, save that Mr. RICE or Mr. SMITH should see that it was 'all right' at starting. Then 'Go ahead!' - - - Who is the very modest and considerate correspondent in Dubuque, Iowa, who asks us some twenty questions 'for information,' and adds, that he should 'like to hear from us immediately'? Whoever he 'may be, or not,' he must have an exalted idea of the 'pumping' capacity of an editor of a Magazine. His inquiries are mainly polemical, or akin thereto: 'What is the difference of belief between a Deist and an Atheist?' 'What, in doctrine, is the distinction between 'Hard' and 'Soft-shell' Baptists?' and the like queries. The last is: 'What constitutes a *Materialist*?' We will try to answer *that* question, in the language of Baron VONDULLBRAINZ, who, when the fashionable furor for '*Germanics*' had filled London with Teutonic professors and pretenders, lectured before one of the 'learned societies' of the great metropolis. The Baron was a decided 'Materialist'; holding, as he did, that 'de s'ing zat was *made* was more superior zan de *maker*:' a proposition, in the enforcement of which he used the following irrefragable argument and illustration: 'I say once more again, zat ze s'ing as is made is more superior zan de maker: par examp.: I am de coachman zat make de w'eel of ze coach: now zat w'eel of ze coach, he woll a souzand mile, but I cannot woll one! Or I am ze w'at you call cooper. He make ze tub of wine: he hold five souzand gallon; but I cannot hold more as fives bottel! So you see zat ze s'ing as is *made*, is more superior zan ze *maker*!' Baron VONDULLBRAINZ *was* a '*Materialist*,' *was n't* he? The fact seems undeniable. - - - THERE are *some* things, if we *are* a 'harum-scarum race,' as an English weekly journal not long since termed us, that all true AMERICANS, howsoever 'speculative and fidgety' they may be, right well remember: the anniversaries of two memorable events, which, as we write, are close upon us — the BATTLE OF BUNKER-HILL, and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:

'THAT silent, moon-light march to Bunker-Hill,  
With spades and swords, bold hearts and ready hands,  
That Spartan step, without their flute — that still,  
Hushed, solemn music of the heart — commands  
More than the trumpet's echo: 't is the thrill  
That thoughts of well-loved homes, and streams, and lands,  
Awaken when men go into the fight,  
As did the Men of BUNKER-HILL that night:'

and as for the FOURTH OF JULY, it should be, and we hope is, the fervent aspiration of each American heart, that it may be celebrated in every passing year, with undiminished patriotism and increased jubilant honors: with roaring cannon, fire-works, and 'crackers.' - - - It is seldom that the Rev. Mr. CHAPIN speaks in public, upon any occasion, that he does not say something that '*bites*:' something, to use a familiar if not a coarse phrase, that 'sticks in the crop' of his audience. Thus in a temperance-lecture, delivered not long since in Philadelphia, he 'made *use*' (many speakers *employ* words, without *using* them) of the following illustration: 'The young 'blood' exclaims, while speaking of the attempts now making to suppress the abuse of alcoholic stimulants:

'Am I to be deprived of my liberty to imbibe what I *choose* to imbibe? Whose business is it? Liberty of action is guaranteed to me.' To which most effectively responds Mr. CHAPIN: '*Liberty?*' *Liberty for what?* To be *hung up*, like a dripping dish-cloth? — to be *stood up*, like a battered, rusty stove-pipe? — to be kicked about like a 'shocking bad hat' in the gutter? — is *this* the 'liberty' you desire?' What would 'statistics,' what would 'thrilling confessions' effect, in comparison with this simple but most forcible illustration? - - - THE '*Lines*' which ensue are addressed to 'Miss M. E. A.,' of Paducah, Kentucky, by 'A Friend at Canton,' in the same State. They are of 'a peculiar character,' and quite imaginative:

'WHEN the nightingale tells of the day's decline,  
When silver rays o'er my pathway bend,  
When horrid dreams absorb my mind,  
When broken-hearted lovers bring their days to an end,  
Then do I think of thee.

'When lovely VENUS o'er us look,  
When the King of Day is in his glory,  
When listening to some murmuring brook,  
When thinking o'er some warrior story,  
Then do I think of thee.

'When viewing the works of Art and Nature,  
When pursuing the cunning and artful fox,  
When travelling on the plains of the western verdure,  
When waiting for the pleasures of the vernal equinox,  
Then do I think of thee.

'When watching the manoeuvres of SATURN's moon,  
When spying the fiery comets,  
When rocked by the billows of a southern monsoon,  
When prosecuted as a criminal by BLACKSTONE's Comments,  
Then will I think of thee.

'When red-hot comets upon us encroach,  
When lightning checks the ethereal blue,  
When the sea-bird tells of the storm's approach,  
When chased by the lion, the forest through,  
Then will I think of thee.

'When chased by that comet, the wide space o'er,  
When dodging that comet is our only redoubt,  
When, informed of that comet's continuing to soar,  
When I hear of that comet with its brains knocked out,  
Even then will I think of thee.'

Our correspondent says he can send us 'more of the same sort.' Oh! no—do n't! As Prince D'ARTOIS, of the exiled family of France, said to PHILIP KEMBLE in Edinburgh, when asked to come the second time to see him play FALSTAFF: 'Ah! no, Mo'ssiu' KEMBLE: it was *very* fanny: I smile ver' moche: but *one such fun it was enoff!*' - - - We thank our Baltimore correspondent for his '*Novel Settlement of a Breach-of-Promise Case.*' It is something too long, and 'in spots' a little too legally technical for the general reader, we fear. One point in the report reminds us of a similar scene recorded by the lamented ROBERT C. SANDS. The man who was the plaintiff in the case was offered one hundred and fifty dollars to withdraw his suit. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'one hundred and fifty dollars for blighted hopes, crushed affections, ruined prospects, for myself and for our children! *Never!* Make

it a hundred and seventy-five, and it's a bargain!' - - - We are called upon to lament the sudden demise of Hon. WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, formerly President of Columbia College, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Mr. DUER was a not infrequent contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, nor were his articles ever unacceptable. He was a grand-son of Lord STERLING, and claimed the title. He was for several years a distinguished member of the Legislature of New-York, representing Dutchess County, and was a leader in the old Federal party. In 1818 he removed to Albany, where he was again elected to represent that County in the State Legislature. In 1823, he was appointed Circuit Judge for the circuit embracing Albany, Columbia, Rensselaer, and some other counties. After filling this office for several years, he removed to the city of New-York, and was appointed President of Columbia College. He was the author of a life of his ancestor, Lord STERLING, and of a work on constitutional jurisprudence. In person, he was a 'man of mark;' erect as a statue, graceful and distinguished in his mien, with an inherent dignity which was apparent to the most casual observer. - - - The warm thanks of our metropolitan public are due, and we are glad to hear have been substantially rendered, to FRANK LESLIE, for the exposure, in his popular journal, of the *Swill-Milk Abuses*, with which the city has so long been afflicted. He has awakened the municipal authorities to this great enormity, and is now favored with active coöperation. We now understand the reason of the preference expressed by a little girl from the country, who was visiting, with her mother, an aunt in the city. She was waiting impatiently one morning for her accustomed bowl of bread-and-milk; but her aunt told her that 'the milk-man had not yet come.' He came at last, however, and the little girl's want was supplied. 'Is it good, dear? — do you like it?' 'I don't like *milk-man's milk* so well as I do *cow's milk*,' was the ingenuous and forcible reply. No wonder: doubtless a good many are of the same opinion. - - - EVERY body, that is to say, every body who reads the '*Atlantic Monthly*' Magazine, will have occasion to lament, when the 'AUTOCRAT of the Breakfast-Table' shall withdraw his pen from the pages of a work which it has done so much to illuminate. To speak the honest truth, we cannot say that we have ever greatly admired the other papers in the '*Atlantic*;' but the AUTOCRAT has never disappointed us. He stands a head and shoulders above the best of his fellow-contributors to that publication. Hear a passage or two from his lucubration for June:

'The old gentleman who sits opposite, finding that spring had fairly come, mounted a white hat one day, and walked into the street. It seems to have been a premature or otherwise exceptionable exhibition, not unlike that commemorated by the late Mr. BAXLEY. When the old gentleman came home, he looked very red in the face, and complained that he had been 'made sport of.' By sympathizing questions, I learned from him that a boy had called him 'old daddy,' and asked him when he had his hat white-washed.

'This incident led me to make some observations at table the next morning, which I here repeat for the benefit of the readers of this record.

'The hat is the vulnerable point of the artificial integument. I learned this in early boyhood. I was once equipped in a hat of Leghorn straw, having a brim of much wider dimensions than were usual at that time, and sent to school in that portion of my native town which lies nearest to this metropolis. On my way I was met by a 'Port-chuck,' as we used to call the young gentlemen of that locality, and the following dialogue ensued:

'THE PORT-CHUCK. Hullo, You-Sir, did you know there was gôn-to be a race to-morrah ?

'MYSELF. No : who's gôn-to run, 'n'wher's't gôn-to be ?

'THE PORT-CHUCK. Squire MICO and Doctor WILLIAMS, round the brim o' your hat.'

'These two much-respected gentlemen being the oldest inhabitants at that time, and the alleged race-course being out of the question, the Port-chuck also winking and thrusting his tongue into his cheek, I perceived that I had been trifled with, and the effect has been to make me sensitive and observant respecting this article of dress ever since. Here is an axiom or two relating to it.

'A hat which has been *popped*, or exploded by being sat down upon, is never itself again afterward.

'It is a favorite illusion of sanguine natures to believe the contrary.

'Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an unnatural calmness about its nap, and an unwholesome gloss, suggestive of a wet brush.

'The last effort of decayed fortune is expended in smoothing its dilapidated castor. The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of 'respectability.'

'The old gentleman took all these remarks and maxims very pleasantly, saying, however, that he had forgotten most of his French, except the word for potatoes, *pummies de tere*. *Ultimum moriens*, I told him, is old Italian, and signifies *last thing to die*. With this explanation he was well contented, and looked quite calm when I saw him afterward in the entry, with a black hat on his head and the white one in his hand.'

Observe with what ease the 'AUTOCRAT' flits from 'gay to grave, from lively to severe.' He translates and quotes the following stanza, written by the French poet GILBERT, a week before his death, upon a mean bed in the Hotel Dieu, at the early age of twenty-nine, and appends the comment which follows it :

'At life's gay banquet placed, a poor unhappy guest,  
One day I pass, then disappear ;  
I die, and on the tomb where I at length shall rest  
No friend shall come to shed a tear.'

You remember the same thing in other words, somewhere in KIRKE WHITE's poems. It is the burden of the plaintive songs of all these sweet albino-poets. 'I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been ; and yet how I have loved ! how I have longed ! how I have aspired !' And so singing, their eyes grow brighter and brighter, and their features thinner and thinner, until at last the veil of flesh is threadbare, and, still singing, they drop it and pass onward.'

The subjoined passage certainly needs no praise of ours ; yet we cannot forbear to invite the reader's especial attention to the sententious force and exquisite beauty of the extract :

'— Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

'Tic-tac ! tic-tac ! go the wheels of thought ; our will cannot stop them ; they cannot stop themselves ; sleep cannot still them ; madness only makes them go faster ; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

'If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, and cut the string that holds those weights ?'



WHEN we read the following, we could not choose but think of the late 'HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, *Infelicissimus*.' We met him in Broadway, just three days before his death, walking with a clergyman, whom we had the pleasure to know, and to whom he was talking, with much violence of gesticulation. As they saluted us, we remarked Mr. HERBERT's expression of countenance. It was the very picture of 'wan DESPAIR.'

'WHAT a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking-vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah! they remembered that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes, without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If any body would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?'

And now let us 'possess our souls in patience' until the appearance of another number of the 'AUTOCRAT.' We yearn after his multiform indite-ments, even as our readers were wont to yearn after the monthly instalments of the *Ollapodiana Papers*, which they not a little resemble, as several correspondents have incidentally remarked. - - - ONE of the truly good men of this 'naughty world,' who loves children, as we do, and all their little winning ways, sends us the subjoined: 'A little four-year-old girl, who had been singing a popular song with an elder sister until she had become very sleepy, was hurried off to bed by the nurse. She was reminded of her 'Good-night Prayer:' so, kneeling down, she ejaculated:

'A PENNY for a ball of cord,  
A penny for a needle:  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes . . . . .'

She was too far gone to finish the verse, and so concluded with: 'Put out the candle, and shut the door tight, Nurse: good-night! Good—good . . . .' She was in dream-land at once. - - - CAN it be possible that our new correspondent, 'G. J. S.,' of Alabama, who asks, 'Why have the poets neglected the DAISY?'—can it be possible, we ask, that the writer of the lines '*To the Daisy*' has forgotten one of ROBERT BURNS' most beautiful, heart-warm effusions? His own lines are feelingly-appreciative of the beauty of his theme—a flower 'so pure, so modest, so chastely-beautiful:' but they could add nothing to what has already been written upon THE DAISY. Nevertheless, the writer has our cordial thanks for his kind intentions. - - - THE June Number of Mr. SPARROWGRASS'S '*Wine-Press*' commences the fifth year of that 'sparkling and bright' publication. Aside from its business *specialité*, it is an eminently readable literary journal; showing good taste, and evincing not

alone a knowledge of 'wine-culture.' *Injin Ink*, in the May Number, is very HOODISH. It is illustrated by a wood-cut of a tattooed Jack-tar, of whom the rhymist says:

'AROUND his arms, all down his back,  
Betwixt his shoulder-blades,  
Are PEG, and POLL, and JULY-ANN,  
And Mer, and other maids:

'And just below his collar-bones,  
Amidships on his chest,  
He has a sun in blue and red,  
A-rising in the west.

'A bit abaft a pirate craft,  
Upon his starboard side,  
There is a thing he made himself,  
The day his NANCY died.

'Mayhap it be a lock of hair,  
Mayhap a kile o' rope:  
He says it is a true-love knot,  
And so it is, I hope.

'He reck's not, that bold foremast-hand,  
What shape it wear to you:  
With soul elate, and hand expert,  
He stuck it — so he knew.

'To 'EN'ARD CUTTLE, mariner,'  
His sugar-tongs and spoons  
Not dearer than that rose-pink heart,  
Transfixed with two harpoons.

'And underneath, a grave in blue,  
A grave-stone all in red:  
'Here lies, all right, poor Tom's delight  
God save the lass — she's dead!

'Permit that Tarry Sailor-man  
To shift his quid and sigh;  
Nor chide him if he cusses some,  
For piping of his eye.'

The *'Wine-Press'* is beautifully printed: but *that* may be said of *all* the publications which proceed from the numerous 'groaning presses' of Mr. GRAY, as a wide 'Public' have found out. - - - The following exceedingly figurative epitaph is copied by a late English journal from a tomb-stone in a church-yard in Derbyshire: 'Here lie, in a horizontal position, the outside cases of THOMAS HINDE, clock and watch maker, who departed this life wound up in the hopes of being taken in hand by his MAKER, and being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set a-going in the world to come, on the fifteenth day of August, 1836, aged fifty years.' Isn't that felicitous? - - - EVERY body will remember the anecdote of the sailor assisting a brother tar to understand a pompous 'word of command' to 'extinguish that luminary.' The question was repeated once or twice, but it was Greek to the sailor, till his companion JACK called out, 'Douse the glim, you land-lubber!' which was speedily accomplished. A doctor, full of professional pomposity, says a late English paper, was called upon by a sailor-patient to have a 'raging tooth' extracted. 'Well, mariner,' said the doctor, looking very learned, and speaking very slowly, 'which tooth do you desire to have extracted? Is it the molar or the incisor?' JACK replied 'sharp and short:' 'It's in the upper tier, larboard side: bear a hand, ye swab, for it's nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster!' The doctor grinned and clapped on the forceps. - - - *'The World Turned Upside Down!'* Such is the title of a much betattered 'littell boke,' profusely and not coarsely illustrated, considering that the work was 'imprinted in London' more than a century ago, now lying before us: a loan from that rare and indefatigable antiquity-hunter, Captain WILLIAM J. FOLGER, late of the 'KNICKERBOCKER House' at Inland-Piermont, and now proprietor of a hotel, with the same name, at Paterson, New-Jersey; where whoso sojourns will not regret it. In this small square booklet, every thing is reversed — turned topsy-turvy. There is a world of trenchant satire in the pictures, which are strongly enforced by the poetical text. First we have a 'noble stag of ten times' turned pursuer, and shooting his two-legged victim 'out of season,' with appropriate reflections: next, 'A Boy scourging his Father, and the little Daughter giving Pap to her

Mother : ' then 'An Horse curry-combing his Groom,' with a motto from ' immortal POPE : '

"TEACH me to feel another's woe,  
To shun the faults I see:  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."

The groom is tied by a halter round his neck to the manger, and is kicking lustily under his rough 'rubbing down.' 'Horses turned Farriers' is a less effective picture, although it has some accessory points which are 'telling.' 'An Ox turned Butcher' is very good. The four-footed 'operator' has his apron on, his tail jauntily tucked up, and with knife in hoof, is cutting open his 'man-beeve,' who is triced up by his feet, with his head just lifted off the floor. There are incidental touches in this print which are almost worthy of HOGARTH. Another very ludicrous engraving is 'An Hare roasting a Cook, and a Cock basting him.' Timid as the hare usually is, he here seems born to his vocation : and the gallant rooster is doing him yeoman's service as an assistant. 'An Ass driving the Miller to Market, and the Mill turned 'Topsy-turvy,' tickled the risibles of the little folk amazingly. Our little six-year old has scarcely yet ceased to laugh at it, as only a child *can* laugh. 'A Fish Angling for a Man' is not so good ; though he has hooked a good specimen, if he can only land him safely. A terrible scene of carnage is represented in 'A Lamb attacking a Lyon !' It is evident that the 'King of Beasts' must soon succumb. Beside these, there is an 'Ox driving a Yoke of Farmers at Plough ;' 'An Ass singing in an Orchestra ; one playing on the Organ, another on a Fiddle ; several Asses making up the Audience ;' (capable of a wide application, in some respects, perhaps :) 'A Lawyer turned Client ;' together with some dozen others, of unequal merit. The lessons inculcated are good : and the poet-author finishes with a moral 'Conclusion,' which ends with :

'How weak the power of pomp and state,  
To combat with impending fate:  
The King, the Beggar, both must die,  
And moulder in obscurity.  
Let all then due attention give,  
That after death they still may live,  
And win on earth the immortal crown,  
Before the 'WORLD'S TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.'

A good lesson to be evoked from so amusing and quaint a book. If it were not torn, it might be re-printed. - - - THE man who, in the late 'tin-panic,' or 'crisis,' replied to the remark of a polite notary, that he had brought a notice of protest for five thousand dollars, probably a mistake, 'Oh ! no — a regular bu'st !' — *that* man, we say, is almost equalled by the editor of a western paper, who owes a bank a thousand dollars, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper : 'There is a large and rare collection of autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe-keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a note in the hand-writing of the autographist. We learn that they have cost the bank a great deal of money. They paid over a thousand dollars for ours. We hope great care is taken to preserve these capital and interesting relics, as, should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be

easily collected again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times.' Is n't this *slightly* 'cool.' - - - Two years ago, in noticing the *Discourse of Rev. Dr. Bellows upon the Life and Death of the late Joseph Curtis*, we remarked: 'As we write, in the still, early morning hours, we hear through an open door of a pleasant upper apartment of our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' the occasional deep-drawn sigh of one who loved her dear departed companion for more than half a century. What a world of reminiscence must throb beneath that Quaker cap and silver hair! May the God of the widow, the COMFORTER of the Bereaved, sustain her hitherto calm and cheerful spirit in this dark hour of her affliction!' And now that silver hair, that calm, sympathetic face, that warm innocent heart, repose in the family tomb at beautiful Greenwood, by the side of the dear departed, who was seldom out of her thoughts. During her illness, while love and affection welled out toward the living, 'her heart was with the dead:' she was talking with her parents and sisters in heaven, but most of all, with her husband. The night before she died she said: 'Yes, my dear José, (ever her familiar designation,) I see you: in a little while I shall be with you.' Very beautiful were her prayers toward the close of her brief illness: most touching her words to loving friends, young and old. In repeating the Lord's Prayer, she invariably paused at 'Thy will be done;' asking only for patience to bide her FATHER's time. And thus, loving and beloved, she closed a pure and blameless life of nearly eighty years, and her tender, beautiful spirit ascended to the bosom of her FATHER and her GOD. - - - It would seem to be quite a hard lot enough for 'States'-men,' California-bound, to be cheated in the metropolis, before their departure, by bogus passage-tickets; but according to a complaining passenger in the New-Orleans '*Picayune*,' their annoyances do n't stop with the shore; for among other things he saith:

'WAL! of all the cussed kinveyiances,  
Ef this is n't about the wust!  
Nothin but rockin and rollin',  
An pitchin from the very fust:  
The ingine a-groanin, and the biler  
Lyable enny minit to bust.

'Fust wun side, dum it, and then tuther,  
Till I'm dogged if I know what to du:  
Rock away, you darned old cradle!  
I was a baby when I got inter you.

'None on em seems to keer 6¼ cents  
How bad a feller may feel,  
Nur to talk to him — not even the saler,  
Foolin away his time onto a wheel.

'Thar's the captin': an't it provokin  
To see that critter, all threw the trip,  
Continooally drinkin and smokin,  
Wen he orter be a mindin his ship?

'It's enuf to aggeravate a body,  
And it an't manners, I think,  
To set thar takin down his toddy,  
And never askin nary passinger to  
drink.

'And the pusser, all he's kep fur,  
Is fur to have a good time with his pals:  
I say, darn such a pusser! jeest heer him,  
Flartin and carrin on among the gals.

'And wen he's tired o' that, what follers?  
In his little cabin, thar he cets  
Like a spyder among barrels of dollars,  
Enuf to pay a feller's debts.

'That's all they keer for passingers,  
Is, to get the two hunder  
And fifty dollars out of his poket into  
theirs,  
And then he may go to thunder.'

He ascended the shrouds one day, and they ran up after him, and tied him there with a piece of tarry spun-yarn, and would n't let him down 'tel he forkt out a bottle of brandy,' which extortion wrung his Yankee heart beyond

expression. In short, as Mr. VAN BUREN remarked, 'his sufferings *was* intolerable,' and not to be endured. - - - We like the subjoined: it is alike true, and forcibly expressed:

'In a constant looking up from birth to the lofty mountain peak, around which clouds gather when it is serene below, the eye contracts a habitual upward turn, and the soul follows the example of this its brightest inlet of impressions. Manliness and self-reliance, reverence and piety, are the lessons taught in the mountain-school. We do not make a friend of the barren, gray and frowning altitudes. But it is a comfort to bow down to them, and do them and their CREATOR homage. The heart wants something to love, indeed; but it also needs something to venerate and adore. A mountain stretching itself above the clouds, and knocking, as it were, at the heavenly portals, helps the soul to rise, and fix its thought upon the ETERNAL, the ALL POWERFUL AND GOOD. These exalted but somewhat austere meditations may not be altogether agreeable to the young and pleasure-loving; but a period is approaching, if they live to be advanced in age, when they will turn away from the bright, smooth, gracefully-flowing river, and the bustling, happy voyages upon its bosom, to the hoary, inaccessible mountain summit, that points the way upward to the profound abysses of the skies, whither they and all of us are tending. The spectacle of the old man, on which the infant first opened its gaze, will be a consolation to the old man's heart, as his glazing eye is taking its last of it, and every other earthly object.'

'High mountains are a *feeling*,' says BYRON, and that he 'sayeth sooth,' few lovers of nature will gainsay. - - - ALL communications, intended for the 'EDITOR'S TABLE,' or 'GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,' of the KNICKERBOCKER, should be addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK: articles written for the 'ORIGINAL PAPERS,' in prose or verse, may be addressed either to Mr. CLARK, or to Dr. J. O. NOYES, at the office. *Apropos* of our new associate, who will have charge of the business of the office, and contribute in every number to the pages of the Magazine: Dr. NOYES graduated in Medicine at Harvard University. After leaving college, he spent a year in Germany. He was, while there, 'Our Own Correspondent' of the daily *Tribune* and the *London Morning Chronicle*. The following year he passed in Eastern Europe, Asia, and Africa. He was five months in Turkey, and held the position of surgeon in the Turkish army, under OMER PACHA. He is the author of a popular work entitled '*Roumania, the Border-Land of the Christian and the Turk*;' and another volume, soon to appear from the press of Messrs. RUDD AND CARLETON, entitled '*The Gipsies; their Origin, History, and Manner of Life*.' The papers upon '*The Gipsies over the World*,' in the last and present numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, will attest his keen observation, and his manner of portraying the incidents of his 'travel's history.' Other and kindred articles from his pen will from time to time appear in these pages, which will acceptably 'speak for themselves.' - - - THAT was a strikingly intelligent person, who called upon a sign-painter to have a Sunday-school procession-banner painted, and said: 'We're goin' to have a tearin' time with our Fourth o' July Sunday-school celebration, and our folks wants a banner.' 'Well,' naturally enough responded the painter, 'you *ought* to have one. What will you have painted on it?' 'Wal, I d'n know: we ort to hev a text o' skripter painted onto it for a motto, had n't we?' 'Yes: that's a very good idea: what shall it be?' 'Wal, I thought *this* would be about as good as any: '*Be sure you're right, then go ahead!*'' It is fair to conclude that he had not 'searched the Scriptures' attentively. - - - We gratify sundry grateful little people, 'growing, and always an-hungered,' by saying, that, *Wing's Farina Crackers* are precisely what they *pretend* to be. It would

seem almost impossible to produce from 'simple unadulterated wheat' an article so agreeable to the palate and so nourishing to the body. - - - Mr. BRYANT's latest published poem, '*A Night Scene*,' will remind the reader of his '*Evening Reverie*,' one of the several noble poems written by him for the KNICKERBOCKER. Neither the melody nor the sentiment is greatly dissimilar. Witness the following passage: premising that the poet is apostrophizing a river hastening to lose itself in the ocean, stretching into infinity:

'Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed,  
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen  
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields,  
And now there is no night so still that they  
Can hear thy lapse; their slumbers, were thy voice  
Louder than Ocean's, it could never break.  
For them the early violet no more  
Opens upon thy bank, nor for their eyes  
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds  
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.  
Their memories are abroad — the memories  
Of those who last were gathered to the earth —  
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,  
Hovering about the paths in which they trod,  
Haunting them like a presence. Even now  
They visit many a dreamer in the forms  
They walked in, ere, at last, they wore the shroud;  
And eyes there are that will not close to dream,  
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,  
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.  
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade  
And pass away, and fresher memories  
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile  
Beside thy border, and, in turn, depart.

'On glide thy waters, till at last they flow  
Beneath the windows of the populous town,  
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,  
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream  
From halls where dancers whirl. A dinner ray  
Touches thy surface from the silent room  
In which they tend the sick, or gather round  
The dying; and a slender, steady beam  
Comes from the little chamber in the roof,  
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,  
The solitary damsel, dying too,  
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.  
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand  
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,  
In darkness and in hunger, wake till morn.  
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear  
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,  
Falls the soft ripple of thy waves that strike  
On the moored bark: but guiltier listeners  
Are near — the prowlers of the night, who steal  
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start  
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

'Oh! glide away from those abodes, that bring  
Pollution to thy channel, and make foul  
Thy once clear current. Summon thy quick waves  
And dimpling eddies; linger not, but haste,  
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,  
There to be tossed by shifting winds, and rocked  
By that mysterious force which lives within  
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight  
Of its abysses, swaying to-and-fro



The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,  
 Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain  
 The crystal brightness of thy mountain-springs.'

We should have known these lines to be BRYANT's, if we had encountered them in a leading column of the London *Times*, a journal not greatly given to poetry, unless it be the 'poetry of Fact.' - - - A word to our friends the PUBLISHERS. Publications sent to the KNICKERBOCKER will be either noticed in the review department proper, or under the head of the 'LITERARY RECORD.' The receipt of all publications received at the office will be acknowledged monthly, whether deemed to demand notice or not. Additional aid in the review department will enable us to do earlier justice than heretofore to the issues of our long-time friends, the publishers. - - - The new book of Dr. FRANCIS should have called our attention to the '*Waverley Circulating Library*, kept by his publisher, Mr. CHARLES ROE, Number 697 Broadway: comprising five thousand volumes of choice books, and intended to obviate the delay, trouble, and uncertainty attending the over-crowded applications at the public libraries. It *will* so. - - - 'UNCLE DAD MORTON,' of Vermont, who tells the following story, should possess, in connection with *his* invention, two or three of our Hen-Persuaders. His success would then be complete:

'THEM ancestors of our'n did n't do nothin' half-ways. But, there's an awful fallin' off since them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all work'd. My work was to take care of the hens and chickings, (Dad is famous for his handling of the alphabet,) and I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know I'se a very thinkin' child, al'as a thinkin' 'cept when I'se asleep. Well, it came to me one night to raise a big lot of chickings from one hen, and I'll tell ye how I did it. I took an old whisky-barrel, and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around it, and then set the old hen on the bung-hole. The old critter kept her sittin' and in three weeks I heard a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I did n't say any thing to the folks about the hatchin', for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next mornin' I knocked the head out of the barrel, and covered the barn floor, two deep, all over, with little chickings. Now, you may laugh as much as you please, but it's true.'

Rather 'toughish' though: how different from the clear and succinct statement of *our* hen-invention! - - - 'We shall now to couch,' and rest our tired frame upon *Howe's Elliptic Spring Bed-Bottom*, that cool, compact, portable, durable, cheap, cleanly, and delightful invention, of which our readers may hear more, on reference to the fourth page of the cover of the present number. We have 'earned a night's repose' as surely as the 'Village Blacksmith: ' We have sailed forty-six miles; read, and 'made up' into pages, between thirty and forty pages of 'matter,' such as it is. Moreover, the New-York and Erie Rail-road is striking twelve from its clear-sounding dépôt-bell, and we must be stirring betimes, to hear the birds about the cottage 'welcome up the dawn.' They herald it every early morning, for the pleasure of *one* pleased and grateful auditor, at least. - - - RECEIVED, for notice, among other publications, the following: 'Roumania, the Border-Land of the Christian and the Turk,' by Dr. J. O. NOYES: 'The Travellers in Russia:' 'URSULA, a Tale of Country-Life,' by Mrs. SEWELL: 'The Boy-Missionary,' by Mrs. JENNY MARSH PARKER: 'Devotional Exercises for Schools:' 'A Manual of Speaking, Conversation, and Debating:' 'The National Fifth Reader,' by PARKER and WATSON: and 'The Quaker-Soldier.'

## Record of New Publications.

**TWELFTH NIGHT AT THE CENTURY CLUB.**—Does n't old *TEMPUS* fugit 'to a degree? It seems a very short time since our humble name was associated with those who formed the nucleus of '*The Century*,' one memorable evening, at the hospitable residence of an esteemed friend in Amity-street. Scarcely more than a dozen members, headed by the veteran VERPLANCK, formed the opening roll: and of these, three, well beloved and honored, have already passed away: DANIEL SEYMOUR, Dr. JOHN NEILSON, Jr., and ROBERT KELLY. . The Club 'grew, waxed strong, and multiplied;' until it has become one of the first, if not *the* first 'institution' of its kind in the United States. But this apart: our object being simply to say a few words touching the quaintly and exquisitely executed volume now gracing our table. The little book opens with a history, at length, of the 'Twelfth-Night Festival of Merry Old England,' much of which will be new to many a reader. The 'Proclamation' and 'Ordinance,' the lively 'Poetical Dialogue,' and the 'Proceedings' generally, as here set forth, are in the appropriate vein, and present a good variety. The 'History' concludes with: 'The Century Club had observed with regret that the ancient festival of Twelfth Night, with its poetical and reverential associations, and its pleasant and picturesque usages, which had for ages contributed every year to the innocent enjoyment and social affections of the Dutch, English, French, Irish, and German ancestors of our cosmopolitan New-York, was falling into disuse in this over-worked and care-worn city. They therefore felt that it belonged to their proper vocation to endeavor to revive the love and honor due to this joyous institution. They cherish the lively hope that the antique pageantry and fantastic ceremonial, mixed with more usual social joys, as presented at the Century Club's Twelfth Night of 1858, will by no means,

'LIKE unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind:'

but will rather, as the great POET himself teaches,

'WITNESS more than FANCY's image,  
And tend to something of great constancy.'

**THE DUTCH BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.**—While all were reposing from their sumptuous dinner at the late Paas Festival of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, awaiting pipes, schnaps, and Paas-eggs, there was laid before each member present a handsomely-printed pamphlet, from the press of MESSRS. PRATT AND SCHRAM, Poughkeepsie, entitled, '*The Dutch Battle of the Baltic*: one of the most Glorious Achievements of the Mariners of Holland; a triumph worthy the great Maritime Republic of the United Provinces.' The production is 'dedicated to the Saint NICHOLAS Society of the City of Nieuw-Amsterdam and all true KNIKKERBAKKERS,' by the author, 'J. WATTS DE PRYSTER, Descendant of the Hollandish race.' It is a most creditable performance; indicating a thorough knowledge of all the details of the writer's theme, and a fervor of good honest, patriotic Dutch feeling, which it is a pleasure to contemplate. It could not but have been a 'labor of love' to the author, as is manifested not only internally, but externally. He even loves the old typography of Holland, and sprinkles the Dutch types of other days profusely through his pages. The narrative is a most stirring one, and renders ample justice to the noble spirit and deeds of the Hollanders, and will serve to aid in perpetuating the name and fame of her great and brave men, WILLIAM the Third, VAN TROMP, OPDAM, WITTESEN, WRANGEL, and their noble compeers. This brief notice does small justice to the pamphlet before us: but if it shall serve to call attention to its undeniable merits, our aim will have been accomplished.

PECK'S HISTORY OF WYOMING. — Rev. GEORGE PECK, D.D., has made a worthy contribution to American history, in a volume just issued by the Messrs. HARPER: '*Wyoming: its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures.*' These characteristics are truly represented in the title. It is a melancholy recital, almost painful to read: and with few literary graces of style, is nevertheless pregnant with interest, from the abundant and well-authenticated *facts* which it perpetuates and preserves, for 'posterities of readers.' Many of these facts, to be sure, are not new; but they are here brought together in their order of occurrence, and are well-arranged and discriminated. A brief history of Wyoming is followed by a series of historic scenes, which constitute natural amplifications of the general outline. Each story is a complete picture in itself, and yet is a necessary part of the whole. This plan presents independent views of the historic drama from many different stand-points. The author's heroes not only reflect the lights and shadows of their own character and actions, but they give separate versions of the eventful scenes through which they passed. For forty years, the author claims to have enjoyed rare advantages for the study of the history of Wyoming. His object, he tells us, was 'strict conformity to historic truth;' and he has evidently spared no pains in the collection of his facts, and in their study and exposition; facts, moreover, 'which constitute a part of the wonderful history of the early development and fearful struggles of our country, and which fall behind no portion of that story in exciting interest.' If the reader would know what sufferings, what perils, what cruel tortures were undergone by our brave and patriotic ancestors, let them draw near and peruse the very exciting and attractive volume before us. It has several illustrations of various merit.

'THE BELLE OF WASHINGTON.' — This work, from the press of PETERSON, Philidelphia, it strikes us, is not a new production. It is by Mrs. N. P. LASCALLE, of Washington; and if we are not mistaken, it was first published some five or six years ago, under the title of 'ANNA GRAYSON, or the Belle of Washington,' and we well remember that it was warmly commended in our home-circle. 'There is great purity of feeling, nobility of soul, and grace in the character of the heroine. There is now and then a true woman, who, like her, is blessed with wealth, and the generous, benevolent spirit to leave the banquet-halls of Fashion to spend an hour with the suffering, dying creatures of our common God. There are some who have hearts to feel for other's misery, and whose ears are not so deadened by the gay sounds of fashionable revelry as to be deaf to the wail of the orphan, the sob of the widow, and the prayer of the beggar. Richer rewards, and a happier life are in store for these than ever blessed the proud hearts of the selfish leaders of the fashionable world; a world in whose creed merit and poverty are little less than crimes. Let the mere butterflies of humanity read this history, and compare the lives of the two heroines: let them reflect, and then decide for eternity, whether all the great objects of life are secured by being petted for a few years and then be forgotten, or only remembered to be detested. ANNIE, the Senator's daughter, with beauty, and every accomplishment, supplied with all that wealth could give, was enabled to pass through the great maelstrom of American society with no blighting stain upon her pure soul, and her frivolous mother's example had no effect to overcome the principles that had been instilled into her young mind by the sisters.'

\* \* \* A WORD, once more, to our correspondents: Copies should be kept by the writers of *brief* articles, in prose or verse, sent for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER. Such cannot be returned: but all articles of length, if not accepted, will be returned in the course of a week or ten days after their receipt.





*John W. Francis.*